

# THE EXAMINER.

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*If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipices of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DR FOX.*

## POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

All the walls of the Town-halls and public offices in France are covered with placards designating the candidates of the Government. Every one of the placards is signed by the Prefect, in direct contravention of the electoral law, which prescribes that the Administration must observe, in appearance at least, a scrupulous neutrality. It is a curious way of fulfilling the Marshal's promise in his manifesto:—"I do not pretend to exercise any pressure on your votes." Another little breach of the law is seen in the fact that the placards are printed on white paper, no doubt as an emblem of ministerial purity. As the electioneering proceeds, the Government are still developing fresh means of annoyance. The Duke de Broglie issued last week a circular on his own account, which contains some wonderful pretensions. It requires that every electoral pamphlet or placard emanating from candidates or committees be deposited twenty-four hours in advance of publication, at the office of the Procurator of the Republic and the Sub-Prefect. The electoral law says nothing of this necessity of depositing twenty-four hours in advance. As is natural, the inferior officials either go beyond the orders they have received or understand more than is said to them. Thus in most of the district centres, the procurator of the Republic or his substitute goes to his Court only for one hour a-day. The printers must present their placards or pamphlets when these grand seigneurs are at their post, otherwise they have to wait for two days instead of one. Another abuse for which the too zealous supporters of the Marshal and his ministers will have to render an account is the following. Every pamphlet that is Republican, and consequently dangerous matter, is seized by the Government without trial. The *habeas corpus* does not exist for these "malignant" little books. They will be put on their trial after the elections if the Government succeeds; their author or their publishers will arraign the functionaries who ordered them to be seized if the Republicans carry the day. But in any case the mischief is done. The ministers perhaps will be far from Paris, and all that the authors can gain will be the repossession of works which nobody but the historians will have any interest in reading.

Public electoral meetings in Paris, particularly in the populous quarters, are not always, it may be supposed, decorous conferences, at which nobody has the right to applaud, and where hissing is considered a mark of bad breeding. It is natural also, in a troubled time like the present, that the popular excitement should find vent in a certain exaggeration of speech. One may doubt, in-

deed, whether the reporters of the reactionary journals, who have stolen into these meetings for the purpose of finding there terrible symptoms of a future commune, have met with any rowdies as uproarious as some of the Bonapartists were in the late Chamber. Still, it is evident, from the majority of the meetings that have been held, that the population of Paris, although they have decided to re-elect the former Republican deputies, wish at the same time to require from them a more energetic attitude towards the Senate and the Government than they showed in previous Sessions. They desire, for example, that measures of clemency to the "communards" should not remain in the condition of vague promises. They are indignant to see military tribunals still pronouncing sentences of death for offences connected with the insurrection. Again, recognising that the principal cause of the present crisis is the clerical influence, they demand the separation of the Church and the State, as the best means of disarming the enemies of civil order. This is perhaps not the best means; the electors themselves would doubtless be surprised by the consequences that would ensue upon a sudden disruption of the Church from the State; but, with this opinion as with others, it is an indication of the direction in which the next Assembly must march in order to satisfy public opinion in Paris. However, most of the advanced politicians are aware of the danger of giving a handle to the organs of the Marshal for frightening the *bourgeoisie* of the provinces with another "red spectre," and willingly recognise the necessities of the position.

The discovery by the Hungarian Government of the plot to form a legion to fall into Roumania, and cut the communications of the Russians by destroying the railway, shows that the precautions taken by the Russo-Roumanian authorities to guard the chief passes from Transylvania into Roumania were not superfluous. These precautions will now be probably extended beyond the Rother Thurm Pass, of which we gave a sketch some time ago. The whole matter is still represented as being shrouded in mystery, but there is really very little mystery about it except as to the names and rank of the persons who conceived the idea and furnished the means to carry it out. Two gentlemen are named, according to the favourite dualistic ideas of the Hungarians, as having played a prominent part, at least as far as the money is concerned. They are Mr. Butler and Mr. Johnston, better known to Englishmen in his corporate unity as Mr. Butler-Johnstone. Besides him, Midhat Pasha is also mentioned, and his recent journey to Vienna brought into close connexion with the affair. The whole business, however, is strongly condemned by the Hungarian Press, which, with all its hatred of Russia, is still very anxious that Hungary should in no wise become compromised by what it calls the rash freaks of a band of hot-blooded youths. Still

the whole matter has created a very uneasy feeling; it shows how fiercely the passions are raging, and how easily complications might be occasioned.

The very hearty reception which President Crispi met with in Gastein and Berlin, and in acknowledgment of which he addressed a telegram to the Emperor William direct to express his thanks for the welcome accorded to him, has also made the Hungarians very uneasy. There is, in fact, a kind of three-cornered duel going on between the German, Hungarian, and French Press regarding the matter. The Hungarian papers, whilst sneering at Italy's presumption in imagining that Germany attaches any very great importance to what Italy may or may not do, still allow that the incident has the appearance of a flank movement against Austro-Hungary, but, on the whole, think it nothing more than a sort of demonstration to prove that Italy and Prussia are still as good allies as heretofore. The Berlin Press, in turn, chronicles this uneasiness in Hungary with a certain satisfaction, but at the same time points out that if the reception of Signor Crispi was really intended for a demonstration, or if any definite arrangements were concluded between him and Prince Bismarck, they were intended rather as a warning to France than to Hungary. The *Temps* frankly accepts this view, and says it would be affectation to pretend to ignore the circumstance, and warns the French Government that the welcome Signor Crispi met with at Berlin is a plain reply to the demonstrations of the Ultramontanes. But there is no mystery about this situation. The peculiar geographical position of Italy, bounding France and Austria at once, with Germany behind her, plainly marks the policy she must follow as long as she remains allied with Prussia. In case of extremities she could be used against either, or both, for the matter of that. The object in view is so plain that the details of any arrangement that may have been concluded between Prince Bismarck and Signor Crispi really only concerns the two statesmen alone, and can only excite that sort of curiosity which has no claim to be satisfied.

If all stories are true, it is high time that the system of judicature in our colonies were attended to. The Chief Justice of the Straits Settlement has been, it seems, absent from Singapore for a year past, and is said to have lately received an additional extension of leave for four months on half-pay. Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., is also credited with having called the attention of Lord Carnarvon to the appointment to the chief magistracy of the Gambia of a person who has had no legal training whatever. Finally, the story goes that three Judges, including the Chief Justice of a well-known but distant dependency, met some time ago in a West End club, and that one of the three remarked that they had never been able to make so good a court in the region where they were supposed to be attending to the administration of justice.

Marriage with a deceased wife's sister has received a new and somewhat remarkable adherent. Dr. Moffat, the well-known African missionary and evangelist, has addressed a letter in support of such marriages to Mr. Paynter Allen, secretary of the Marriage Law Reform Association. He declares that, having translated the Scriptures into an African language, he has thoroughly studied every verse of the Bible, and has come to the conclusion that marriage with a deceased wife's sister is lawful. What is more, he is evidently of the opinion that all Biblical scholars and critics must come to the same conclusion. He adds:—"Having also thought of this subject seriously since my return from foreign labour, and with a knowledge that my own dear countrymen, proverbially distinguished for their acquaintance with Scripture, were said to be in general opposed to such marriages, I can hardly persuade myself to believe that Scotchmen are so far behind the age, and am convinced that they will be compelled to take a leaf

out of our British colonial records, and acquiesce in the abrogation of an unjust and tyrannical restriction."

The *Times* of Wednesday, in reporting a distribution of prizes at the Bradford Mechanics' Institute, devoted more than a column to Mr. Forster's speech on the occasion, and merely intimated the fact that Sir John Lubbock "distributed the prizes to the successful students, and delivered an address, urging that greater attention should be given to the teaching of science in schools." If the speeches had been political, one would have understood the object of this allotment of space, but the theme of both speakers was the importance and the practicability of scientific teaching in schools. This is not a subject on which Mr. Forster's opinion has any particular value, more than that of any other shrewd man, and it is a subject on which Sir John Lubbock has always something to say that is worth hearing. The fault, we should imagine, lies with the local reporter, for we can hardly suppose that the *Times* would care to encourage the delusion that because a man has been a Cabinet minister he is entitled to speak with authority on every subject, even when, as Mr. Forster frankly admitted in the case of science, he is "really very ignorant" of it.

Mr. Forster's speech was very sensible and excellent—that is not to be denied; and it may perhaps also be admitted as an extenuating circumstance for the *Times*' reporter that his advocacy of scientific teaching, and his confession that he felt the want of it himself "every hour of his life," may be of great advantage to the good cause. But where Mr. Forster showed that he was a little beyond his depth was in his defence of historical teaching in schools. He was of course, strongly opposed to unintelligent teaching of history in schools—of lists of kings, queens, ministers, dates of battles and treaties, and all that; but to history as it might be taught, he would not "admit any disparagement." No more should we; but, it being impossible to teach everything in schools, there are two reasons for giving the preference to science over history. In the first place, the facts of science are within the complete comprehension of children; the facts of politics are not. Any child can be taught to know the properties of plants and animals. Most children want to know them. But how many children can grasp the complicated facts of history? In the second place, as children grow up and their human interests develop, they will read history for themselves if it is written as it ought to be written. But science wants a teacher and apparatus, and, if it is not learnt in youth, few people care to go through the trouble and drudgery of attending classes, though "they feel the want of it every hour of their life," besides that few people amidst the hurry of the business of life have leisure and patience for the necessary experiments in which boys and girls take delight.

The Midland Institute is fortunate in its Presidents and their annual addresses. Last year they had Mr. John Morley, who gave them an admirable address, since incorporated with his published 'Miscellanies,' on Popular Culture. This year they have received an address no less eloquent from Professor Tyndall on—everything, and its unity, τὸ πᾶν καὶ τὸ εἶν, the Unending Transmutability of Matter, the Problem of Free Will, and many other interesting matters. There is an almost prophetic elevation in some parts of Professor Tyndall's address, which is an extraordinary combination of lofty thought and popular exposition, showing equal familiarity with the cosmic spaces and the lecture-room. The learned Professor showed also that, though he is so industrious in the seclusion of his laboratory, no man can better turn a compliment to put his audience in good humour. "Different atmospheres," he said at the beginning of his address, "are required by the man of science, as such, and the man of action. The atmosphere, for example, which vivifies and stimulates your excellent representative, Mr. Chamberlain, would

be death to me. There are organisms which flourish in oxygen—he is one of them. There are also organisms which demand for their duller lives a less vitalising air—I am one of these." But, indeed, Professor Tyndall "flourishes in oxygen" too.

As the late collision between the *Avalanche* and the *Forest* is now being investigated before the Wreck Commissioners, it may be well to state shortly the rules by which the conduct of those in charge of these vessels will be judged. In this case they are the Board of Trade rules, under the Merchant Shipping Act articles, sections 12, 18, 19 and 20. These say that every sailing ship when under weigh shall carry a green light on the right, and a red one on the left-hand side, of such a character as to be visible on a dark night, with a clear atmosphere, at a distance of at least two miles. When two sailing ships are crossing, so as to involve risk of collision, then, if they have the wind on different sides, the ship with the wind on the left-hand side shall keep out of the way of the ship with the wind on the right-hand side, except in the case in which the ship with the wind on the left side is "close hauled" (i.e. has the wind blowing against the forward part of the vessel), and the other ship "free" (i.e. has the wind blowing against the after part of the vessel), in which case the latter ship shall keep out of the way. When by the above rules one of two ships is to keep out of the way the other must keep her course. Article 19 declares that these rules are not to be obeyed blindly, but may be departed from if the circumstances of the case require. Article 20 we quote: "Nothing in these rules shall exonerate any ship, or the owner, or master, or crew thereof from the consequences of any neglect to carry lights, or signals, or of any neglect to keep a proper look-out, or of the neglect of any precaution which may be required by the ordinary practice of seamen or by the special circumstances of the case." Any person, however ignorant of seafaring matters he may be, who will remember these rules, and who will also bear in mind that "port" means left and "starboard" right, and that if a vessel's helm is put to port (left), her head moves to starboard (right), and *vice versa*; that a vessel is on the port or starboard tack according as she has the wind on the port or starboard side, and that when a vessel's helm is put "up" her head turns to the direction from which the wind is coming, and when the helm is put "down" she turns more away from the wind—will be able to follow most of the evidence which will be given in this interesting case.

#### IMPENDING EVENTS IN BULGARIA.

Throughout the seat of war there is a movement in progress which shows that both sides are anxious to deal a decisive blow, or, at any rate, to make each other believe that a decisive blow is intended, before winter actually sets in. Under the most favourable circumstances this must occur within the next six weeks at the outside. The question as to which side will consider it most incumbent upon it to deal this blow depends upon the greater urgency of the motives impelling it to accomplish a change in the present situation. Will the Turks make a supreme effort to crush the invader; will the Russians make another attack on Plevna; or will both armies remain on the defensive in their present positions? Those are the questions to be answered; and, on the whole, we think that the Turks have far greater motives to attempt an impetuous attack than the Russians. It is not that the severity of a Balkan winter is likely to prove more fatal to the Turkish than to the Russian troops as regards the physique of the men. The majority of the Turkish troops are thoroughly hardened against all climatic influences, and are quite as capable of sustaining the hardships of a Bulgarian winter as are the Russians. Nor is it the difficulty of transport, and the supply of stores and ammunition. Taken all in all, the conveyance of war material to the battle-fields will be easier in winter,

except in some of the passes, than in the autumn and spring, for the roads, from being little better than ruts in a quagmire in these seasons, will become hard in the winter. These advantages, it is true, will be somewhat counterbalanced by the disappearance of the foliage and the consequent loss of cover; but both sides gain and suffer alike in this respect. The real danger to the Turks lies in their conviction that there will be no peace until either they or the Russians are thoroughly beaten, and their newly-acquired confidence in themselves that they are able to hold their own against the Russians. They will not listen to those who point out that Germany cannot allow Russia entirely to succumb; and insist that if Germany came to the aid of Russia openly, England would side with them, or a general war ensue, at the end of which they would lose no more than if they were to make peace, or be beaten at once. It is true that there is a small party at Constantinople who see further into the future, and think that it would be wiser even now to come to terms; but even they know perfectly well that submission now would but be the first step to their final expulsion from Europe. There are many Turks of influence who would not regard a Moslem exodus into Asia Minor as an evil, but, on the contrary, as a source of strength and consolidation, were it not for one thing. They are afraid of Russia extending southwards to the Gulf of Scanderoun, and thus cutting them completely off from all connexion with the other Moslem races. On the whole, therefore, the peace-party is forced to yield to the war-party when the last argument has been used which proves to them that they have everything to gain and nothing to lose. That these views have attained the force of an irresistible conviction at the Seraskierate is amply proved by the dismissal of Mehemet Ali and the appointment of Suleiman Pasha in his place. And, from the Turkish point of view, it cannot be denied that the Seraskierate was right. It is true that Mehemet Ali proved his generalship by abstaining from an attack on the Russian positions in which there were nine chances to one that he would be beaten. As a soldier he acted perfectly correctly, but as a patriot his conduct was an error. It was a case of playing *va banque*, and he ought to have staked the one chance in his favour against the nine against him. In a struggle for life and death, a nation cannot afford to throw a single chance away. From whatever cause, he abstained from a vigorous movement in the very nick of time, when the repulses at Plevna were producing something very like a panic amongst the Russian troops, and certainly much discouragement. He may have saved his military reputation as a strategist and a tactician, but he failed egregiously as a leader. He thought more of the safety of his army than of the safety of his Government and his adopted nation. And so far, small blame to him. Suleiman Pasha, however, is not at all likely to err on this side, judging from his conduct at the Schibka Pass. If continual hammering and pounding away day after day may yet retrieve the position of the Turks, Suleiman Pasha has the best chances of success. He goes to Schumla with the fullest knowledge of the situation in the Schibka Pass. He knows exactly what Mehemet Ali ought to have done to assist him in his own attack; he assumes the command of an army for whose advent he hoped so long and so ardently, with all the bitterness of a general who feels convinced that he would have been successful, and that his brave soldiers would have gained a brilliant victory had that army but supported him, instead of playing a resultless game of tactics with the Cesarevitch. That he will carry out the operations which he, as commander of the Schibka forces, considered that Mehemet Ali ought to have executed, there cannot be much doubt. The question is, whether Raouf Pasha may not become a second Mehemet Ali in the Schibka, and mar the plans of Suleiman Pasha at Schumla, even as Mehemet Ali marred the plan of Suleiman at Schibka. As we pointed out last week, it was difficult to see what Mehemet Ali had gained by his advance towards the Yantra, beyond the putting himself within easier striking distance of the Russians, if he had been depending

upon Suleiman Pasha to join him; and we expressed the opinion, whilst it was thought very generally that a great battle was impending at Biela, that the movements of the Russians south of Biela would force him to fall back again. This he did the next day with commendable promptitude. But now that Suleiman Pasha has assumed the chief command, an offensive movement may be expected soon to come off. His appointment would otherwise have no sense, as Mehemet Ali had certainly demonstrated his ability to combine sufficient offensive movement with his defensive policy. A vigorous attack may, therefore, be expected all along the line, and especially on Lovatz, by Chevket Pasha, if it is true that he has strongly garrisoned Yablanitza, and is collecting troops there.

Meantime the Russians have not been idle, and at all points great activity is reported. The way in which Prince Nikita is being kept in hand, and the renewed preparations in Servia, show that the Russian leaders are opposed to any scattering of forces which an extension of the Montenegrin attack into the Herzegovina and a Servian attack on Bosnia would entail. It would rather seem that the Serbo-Montenegrin forces are to be employed in isolating the western provinces from Bulgaria; and the fresh attack on Oreava (Rahova) to be intended either to distract the attention of the Widdin garrison or to draw Chevket Pasha, who is keeping Osman Pasha's lines open with Sophia. Everything therefore points to a desire to accomplish something definite before the winter sets in. The importance of Plevna to the Russians as a strategic centre is so great—in fact, so absolutely necessary, if the Czar's troops are to winter in Bulgaria—that it can scarcely be doubted that no efforts will be spared to effect its capture. Great hopes are centred on General Todtleben; but General Todtleben, it must be remembered, won his spurs with his defensive works before Sebastopol, and that he occupied a similar position to that held by Osman Pasha at Plevna. It remains to be seen whether he will be as successful as an assailant as he was as a defender; and in any case there is no reason to believe, even if he is ultimately successful, that he will be able to accomplish his object in less time than the allies before Sebastopol, as long as Osman Pasha's communications with the rest of the country are open. Fortunately for the Russians they will find it easier, having the command of the railways through Roumania and a considerable portion of the Danube, to keep up their supplies. The attack on Rahova is evidently partly intended to hold the control of the Danube from that point to Sistova; and it would not be surprising if an attack were yet to be made simultaneously on Rustzuk and Widdin.

In Asia Minor, the resumption by the Russians of an offensive shows that here, too, they are eager to secure a good position before the winter sets in; and if the attack on Mukhtar Pasha's entrenchments on the Kutschuk Yaghni Dag (Little Yaghni), two mountains 6,820 feet high, has been permanently successful, not only is Kars once more seriously threatened, but Mukhtar Pasha will have to draw in his right flank under risk of having his communications with Kars on the east quite cut off. As for Ardahan, not having ever been deceived by the reports as to its evacuation, we have nothing to retract, but, on the contrary, are able to state that the garrison and field troops there have been strongly reinforced.

#### THE FAMINES IN UPPER INDIA AND THEIR LESSONS.

We are surprised at the silence of our contemporaries as to the threatened famine in Upper India. In some cases, no doubt, the want of geographical knowledge may have led to confusion between "the North-West Provinces" (of India) and "the North-West districts" (of Madras) referred to in the telegrams, in which, by the way, the two phrases have more than once been mixed up in rather a misleading manner, but this hardly

suffices to explain the completeness of the silence on so important a phase of the Famine. Perhaps it was that the storm now raging over the Madras Presidency has so obscured the horizon that the clouds gathering in other quarters of the sky have actually escaped observation. The Famine telegrams all come from Madras, and it is therefore only natural that they should relate almost exclusively to that Presidency. But though natural, this monopoly of public attention is hardly equitable. It is not that Madras is only a portion of India. It is a comparatively unimportant portion. A disastrous calamity has just now brought it into temporary and pathetic prominence, just as a supreme carbuncle on his face might bring the smallest boy in a school into prominence. But as the patient is now in the best possible hands, those of the English people, and likely therefore to be very well looked after, we can, without being suspected of hardness of heart, spare a glance for the rest of the school. And to all appearances a serious eruption is about to break out.

In our last issue we referred in a general way to the probable consequences of famine in the North-West Provinces and the Punjab. And as we have this week received from our correspondents in India further details of the agricultural position, we propose, in laying these before our readers, to draw attention to the lessons taught by previous years of scarcity in Upper India. We would premise (not for the first time) that there are in the North-West Provinces of India two harvests—one of which (called the "autumn" crop) is reaped, and the other (the "spring" crop) is sown this month, in October. This year, however, the necessary rains of June and July held off, very little sowing was done, and therefore there is to-day, over a large portion of the provinces, no autumn crop waiting for the sickle. This in itself is a calamity. But a greater is this, that there was no rain throughout August worth being thankful for, and that when the latest mails left India (September 7), the partial sprinkling that had then fallen had not changed matters for the better. A telegram brings our news up to the 23rd, but with it little comfort:—"Distress in the Punjab very great" (owing to the loss of the autumn crop). "Spring sowings impossible in the North-West Provinces if rain does not fall during the next three weeks." There had therefore been no adequate rainfall up to September 23, and now, that is to-day, half of the three weeks' grace has expired without any news of rain in Upper India having reached this country. No news, if folklore is to be trusted, is good news. We hope it may be so, but meanwhile the position is one that should be clearly before the public. Put into fewer words, it is this. The autumn crops are—well, there are no autumn crops. And the spring crops, they have not, for want of rain, been sown yet. Nor, unless rain falls within a fortnight, will there be any sown.

What this double failure of rain means, Madras is now exemplifying. But in Upper India less suffices to make a famine than in any other part of the country—for one reason notably. This is the unique improvidence of the people, the lower classes. Every cultivator is in debt, deeply in debt, so deeply that he never dreams of getting out of debt. His forefathers had lived and died in debt, why should he make innovations? He is too good a Hindu to try to change for the better. When he was born his father gave a "caste dinner," and for that purpose borrowed ten shillings from the money-lender (or grain-dealer) of the village, and when, at the age of five, he was married to his cousin of three, his father borrowed a pound more to celebrate the event. As soon as he was of age to work, he himself borrowed six pounds to buy a plough and a pair of bullocks, and in consideration of his father standing security for him then he stood security for what his father had borrowed before. The interest charged from the first was 75 per cent. And so, starting in life, the cultivator in question (a typical cultivator) found himself with the prospect of an average income of five or six shillings a month, and a debt, on these three accounts only, of about 120*l.*, bearing interest

at the rate of 75 per cent. per annum. Not that these were all the items against him. At least two sisters have been married, and one child, at any rate, has been born and married, and all these events required celebration. Cattle, too, had died, and had to be replaced. But without these his position was hopeless enough. And does he ever try to better it? If he did, his creditor would at once sell him up. It is to the creditor's interest not to be paid. When the harvest is gathered in, it goes to the money-lender, who carries "to credit" (to meet the interest, he says) just as much of it as he chooses, and returns the remainder. If it has been a year of great plenty, the balance is sufficient for the cultivator to live on, and to have enough over for sowing the next crop. But nine years in ten the cultivator has to go to the money-lender for the seed for his field. And then there comes a year of no rain. The cultivator goes, as usual, to the money-lender. But he has now no security to offer. His field has nothing in it, and his starving cattle are of no use to a beef-eating people. Indeed, in a few days they will be dead. His personal property—a bedstead, a brass pot and a dish, a well-rope, a blanket, and a pipe—are produced in turn and pawned. The few shillings they fetch buy, at famine rates, food for only a fortnight or so. And then? He begs for a day, sits down and starves for another, and on the third goes forth with his six-foot staff in his hand to interview the grain-dealer. Others, however, have been before him, but he comes up in time to assist in the plunder of the usurer's granaries. A week more, and then he passes out from his village with his enfeebled, starving family. Half the huts are already empty, and by the dried-up tank at the entrance to the village lie the carcasses of his cattle. This is no fancy sketch: it is a drawing, from the life, of a cultivator in the North-West Provinces. But what legislation can reach to protect this ignorant, improvident creature?—the 15,000,000 of them that exist in the North-West Provinces? It is evident that nothing but radical social reform can ever alter the circumstances under which they suffer. But what legislature will venture to interfere in the domestic institutions of a people as sensitive of their privacy as tenacious of their traditional usages? Much has been done to try to persuade the poor to abandon those family celebrations that in a vast majority of cases are at the root of their miserable indebtedness. But for "caste dinners" and "marriage feasts," the only gaieties of their dull drab lives, the poor would, one half of them, not be in debt in years of ordinary plenty. Religion, tradition, caste-custom, vanity, are all, however, arrayed against reform, and till these are conquered it is positively of no use for legislation to attempt the amelioration of the condition of the poorer Hindus. Enactments against usury have, of course, done much, but it is a hopeless fact that the debtor as often as not connives, for the sake of his present indulgence, with the usurer to baulk the laws framed for his own protection. When, therefore, he thus exerts all his cunning to defeat friendly intentions, legislation in his defence is comparatively useless. What other mode remains to protect the cultivator against himself? Only one, and that, considering the poverty of the government and the vast area of the country, appears a desperate undertaking. We refer, of course, to the construction of irrigational works. And in this respect the North-West Provinces compare well with the rest of India. This is the one ray of light upon the gloomy prospect. A larger area is yearly being protected against drought. But, after all, the artificially irrigated portions are only a small per centage, while in certain places, Jhansi for instance (one of the districts specially mentioned in the telegrams as being threatened), famine means almost wholesale extermination. None the less it is on their canals and wells that the populous districts of the North-West Provinces are to-day relying; and if famine does actually break out, it will, at any rate, do this good—that it will, by dreadful contrast, emphasize the advantage possessed by canal-protected districts over others dependent solely upon the rainfall. This lesson

was taught with some force in the famine of 1837-8, and since then the area under artificial protection has largely increased, especially in the Eastern districts. A famine now will therefore teach the same lesson, but by drawing the line more sharply between comfortable Benares and hapless Bandelkand will teach it with greater force.

Of the rioting and social disorganisation that may (if experience may teach wisdom) be expected in Upper India, we spoke last week. The troubles of 1837 may be repeated, and the authorities will no doubt be on their guard. Emigration from native States into British territory is another feature of preceding famines, which deserves at the present juncture special notice. The telegrams have already announced "continuous emigration" from Scindhia's territory of Gwalior, and the city of Bombay complains of a daily influx of a thousand strangers, many of them from the Kattiawar States. Would it be unfair to charge such a prince as Scindhia with the expense of feeding his own subjects? We certainly think not. Neither he nor his neighbour of Indore are remarkable for tenderness in the treatment of their peoples; but that is no reason why the paramount power should, in the hour of its own distress, relieve their fat exchequers of the cost of saving the lives of those from whom those hoards have been ground and wrung. Yet another lesson may be learned from the past. In 1860 there was a famine in the North-West Provinces, and the Local Government most wisely called to its aid, at the beginning and not at the end, the strong hand of private charity. The Hindus are, in their daily lives, the most charitable of all nations. Their religion inculcates charity at every turn of their daily life, and they are most scrupulous in its observance. In times of public distress they seem to be backward, but it is quite a fair question whether this backwardness is not owing to the procedure of Government. The facts, at any rate, are these. In all previous famines—1770, 1783, 1803-4, 1813, 1819, 1837-38, were all years of famine, varying of course in intensity and the area of incidence—Government took the whole business of relief into its own hands. In 1860, however (as also in 1868-69 and 1873-74), it invited the assistance of the well-to-do by formally making over to private charity the necessities of the infirm, the old, and the very young, reserving to itself the monopoly of relieving able-bodied distress. The result was that whereas before 1860 the whole cost of the famine fell upon the public treasury, in that year 100,000*l.* was contributed by private persons. This procedure points not merely to business acuteness in those who initiated it, the intelligence that devises an economy, but was, in its best sense, statesmanship. The confidence of Government evoked a generous response, and, when fairly challenged, the upper classes of the North-West Provinces came forward promptly to bear their share of the public burden. And of the great political value of this co-operation between governors and governed there can be no question. Should, then, famine again visit the North-West Provinces, let the present administration take example by its predecessors.

#### THE NEW BROOM AT THE ADMIRALTY.

Rarely has a Cabinet Minister had so fine an opportunity to prove his administrative capacity as the new First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. W. H. Smith. He comes to a department positively bristling with opportunities for reform, and convicted by men of all parties of inefficiency. Were the charges made against the Admiralty confined to Liberals, either satisfied or disappointed, there might be room to doubt their value—at any rate, rightly or wrongly, their value would be doubted; but the most staunch Conservatives, men whose Conservatism has been acknowledged from the cradle, are ready to turn and rend this time-honoured institution. Lord Hampton, whose political fidelity has always carried with it an almost child-like air of assurance, has not hesitated to assert that, for the administration of the Navy or for the conduct of any

business whatever, the Admiralty was the clumsiest and most obstructive machine that could be devised. In fact, this well-abused Board has had to endure, from those who ought by tradition to be its best friends, as well as from those who are its admitted foes, a persistent shower of almost monotonous abuse, which, we can hardly doubt, has been richly deserved. One of its oldest enemies, Sir Charles Napier, implied that its constitution was devised for the express purpose of obstruction. He drew more than one telling picture of a colleague entering upon his Board duties; of his difficulty of conforming, first of all, to office ways; of his breathless efforts to understand the paper put before him; of his ready willingness to fall a prey to any and all who had access to him; and, especially, of his sure domination by his private secretary, or by the clerks of his office. Sir Charles Napier may be thought to have drawn a fancy picture; but there are some who go so far as to say that now, in the present day, his words are wonderfully suitable, and that he could not easily be convicted of exaggeration. Complaints are made now, as then, that jobbery may be perpetrated, abuse permitted, administration muddled, and business of importance left to the tender, or interested, or indolent, or ignorant care of junior clerks. In the face of these complaints, which have, from time to time, made themselves heard during the present administration, and in face of the extraordinary mishaps which have befallen our fleet in the course of the past two years, can it be regarded as a sign of unwarranted suspicion to believe the worst of the Board of Admiralty? We took occasion to chronicle, last year, the misadventures which befel Her Majesty's ships in the brief space of six months; and, were we so disposed, we might not find it impossible, though we might just now consider it injudicious, to give a more recent and more startling list.

Assuming, however, the best intentions on the part of the Board of Admiralty, and a mere glance at the names of those who compose it will be a sufficient guarantee for this, we may see, at the present time, with the advantage of past and bitter experience, that it is not well adapted to the work it has to perform. Historically speaking, it dates from the administration of Sir James Graham. He broke up the old disorganised system of Navy Boards and replaced them by a single Board, under the presidency of the First Lord, who was to be a member of the Cabinet, but might or might not be a naval man. This Board consisted of the First Lord, four naval officers, and a civilian as Junior Lord. In addition, there was a permanent official in the shape of a Secretary; also another Secretary, who was parliamentary and political. These men were entrusted with carrying out the business of the Navy, under the general superintendence of the First Lord, but upon him the general responsibility for the welfare of the Navy rested. So far there is nothing much to complain of. The First Lord and the Political Secretary—with whom, by-the-by, is, at the present time, associated another Parliamentary Lord—could know, naturally, little about the detail of Navy matters. It was, therefore, but natural that they should require professional assistance, and that the introduction of naval men into the Board should follow as a matter of course. Where, then, is the necessity for reform? Simply nowhere, but for one small obstacle which has been at the bottom of all complaints since the Board of Admiralty came into existence. All of its members, both professional and political, have only temporary appointments. Party feeling has, in fact, as much to do with the appointment of the naval as with that of the political members. The consequence is that the Navy has been, and is, absolutely governed by a body of men whose length of service at the Board is, individually, less than that of a very junior clerk. There are, it is true, permanent heads of departments, who are either civilians or naval officers; but their control is limited, and their power small. Each department was, and is, governed by some one member of the Board as well as by the Board collectively. Definite

responsibility has, therefore, under such a state of things, as may readily be imagined, been difficult to find. The head of a department, we have been told, is simply an agent, dependent on the Board in the execution of his duties; but we have been also told that a member of the Board might, if he pleased, consider himself freed from a large amount of responsibility by letting it rest with the permanent head of his particular department.

Mr. Reed has shown what effect this wonderful system has had upon dockyard administration; and so convinced was Mr. Childers of the folly of attempting to go on in the old groove, that he tried to reduce largely the power of the Board of Admiralty. But his reforms were of too delicate and compromising a character to be of much avail. The nominal power of the Board proved more mischievous than the previous system. Unable to carry out fully the system he had designed, he succumbed to ill-health, leaving Mr. Goschen the legacy of his reforms. But his successor was not in the mood to try experiments of whose issue he was doubtful; and, finding a Board already in existence, allowed it to exercise its functions with almost the old freedom.

Here, then, is a field for a display of energy on the part of the new First Lord. His administrative skill has been already proved, and it will be hard if he does not care to make an attempt to prove still further his capacity. As an evidence, however, of energy and earnestness in this direction, we note, with feelings of admiration, not unmixed with surprise, that Mr. Smith has already, in a quiet, but very speedy and effective, manner, abolished the office of Permanent Secretary, and provided its lucky holder with a county court judgeship and a handsome pension. This is beginning Admiralty reform with a vengeance. In abolishing the post of Secretary of the Admiralty, an historical post has gone, which, if it does not actually date from the time of Samuel Pepys, owes its prestige, at any rate, to that remarkable Admiralty official. Not to follow this step up by the conversion of the appointment of First Lord into a Secretaryship of State, and the conversion of the Political or Permanent Secretary into Under-Secretaryships of State, would be a pity. Such a change is very practicable at the present time, and by no means unreasonable. And all such a system would require would be a permanent Commander-in-Chief in place of the First Sea Lord, with the elevation of the permanent heads of departments into a proper position of responsibility as the responsible advisers of the Secretary of State. The rumour that Admiral Ryder is on his way home to take up this post is, if true, an additional reason, as it is an additional opportunity, for carrying out this reform at once. That such a reform is temptingly practicable we are sure; how far it is probable we are not in a position to state.

#### MR. LOWE ON THE COUNTY FRANCHISE.

Mr. Lowe's paper on "A New Reform Bill," in the *Fortnightly Review*, which he describes as an attempt "to get a hearing for the great question" of the extension of household suffrage to counties "on its own merits," is rather a wild performance. He speaks of the case against this extension as "the best and noblest cause that ever asked for sympathy and support," and contrasts with almost frantic emphasis "the overstrained dread of innovation, the almost slavish adherence to fixed rules, be they never so grossly abused," which the House of Commons has shown in its treatment of the Irish Obstructionists, with the rashness of its counsels and the summary character of its proceedings in dealing with "matters of infinitely greater weight and importance, with nothing less than the readjustment and redistribution of that great and increasing political power which is now vested in its hands." Mr. Lowe believes that "there are symptoms that the Tory party, no longer under the immediate and daily influence of Lord Beaconsfield, may perhaps repose on the laurels they have reaped in this rather unusual

field, and satiated with, if not proud of, past gains, may refuse to tempt fortune again." But he is not quite certain of their inaction, and he greatly deprecates "stirring them up and forcing them into fresh changes and fresh gains." What he chiefly fears is that a measure for the equalisation of the county with the borough franchise may be passed in sheer indifference, because everybody, without any enthusiasm and with little conviction, "has settled that the thing is to be." This is Mr. Lowe's reason for making an urgent appeal to the House of Commons and the present electorate for a hearing of the case on its merits. There is no person better entitled to a hearing, whatever cause he may choose to plead.

From Mr. Lowe's article we gather three propositions—that he is greatly dissatisfied with the present House of Commons, that he believes its inferior character to be due to the extension of the suffrage in 1867, and that he is convinced that matters would be made still worse by a further extension. Now, in regard to the first of these propositions, we would ask whether Mr. Lowe does not attach too great an importance to the intellectual *personelle* of Parliament? We are not quite sure that Mr. Lowe does not, himself an intellectual giant, judge the House by a false standard. Parliamentary government would be impossible, if all the six hundred and odd men were persons of genius, of oratorical or administrative genius, all burning, as genius always will, with a desire to fulfil their destiny, and make speeches or introduce Bills. A very large proportion of respectable mediocrity, of steady, silent voters, is necessary to the constitution of every deliberative assembly. Mr. Lowe wants to have "the standard of senatorial ability raised," and laments the departure of "the opportunity for entering Parliament, once open to young men of talent, through nomination boroughs." Without any want of respect for young men of talent in their proper place, we venture to think that it is very easy to overrate their value in Parliament. What we want in Parliament is rather solid work than fine speeches, and for that purpose substantial respectable middle-aged persons may be quite as efficient as younger men of much more brilliant ability. That, however, is a speculative question on both sides of which there is not a little to be said. We are on more solid ground in considering the second of the propositions contained in Mr. Lowe's article, namely, that the present low standard of senatorial ability and the poverty of the achievements of the present Parliament are due to the Reform Bill of 1867. It is fairest to give Mr. Lowe's case in his own words.

No one but the most bigoted partisan will deny that after four Sessions the Government is just as strong in the House as it was when it began. This has been achieved by consulting the wishes of the House; that is, by a lavish expenditure of public money, by a studious deference to all powerful interests, by a dexterous use of committees and commissions to stave off troublesome subjects, by a copious use of permissive legislation, and by never carrying or even proposing a single measure or broaching a single idea which soars above the level of the dullest and most self-satisfied mediocrity. As was said the other day by a gentleman who did not appear to be aware that he was passing the most crushing sentence on the existing state of things, the duties of the House of Commons now resemble those of a municipal council or a board of guardians rather than those which the House used to discharge. Most true they do so, but why is it? Not because there are no problems in the higher regions of statesmanship unsolved and earnestly craving a solution. Four millions of persons in London are left without the powers of self-government which are granted to most towns with ten thousand inhabitants, and to many with much less; the government of the counties is left to a number of intersecting boards—that is to say, is abandoned to a state of the most hideous confusion; the law in all its branches requires revision and codification; the state of the navy is to all thinking persons a subject of the deepest anxiety; and the whole question of the higher education requires a complete and searching revision. If it be asked, Why do not these things and many others, of which these are only a specimen, occupy the attention of Government? the answer, if given candidly, would doubtless be, that these things do not pay. They require a great deal of trouble and research, they inevitably give much offence to the in-

fluent persons immediately concerned, and there is no popularity to be got by them. Those who elect the House which virtually appoints the Government, care for none of these things, and so very naturally none of these things are cared for. Politics, in the higher sense of the term, are almost banished from the House of Commons, and no one seems to regret their loss.

Now we would ask Mr. Lowe whether he really believes that the shortcomings with which he justly charges the present Parliament are due to the electors enfranchised by the Bill of 1867. Is it fair to them to say so? Is it their fault that the present holders of office have refrained from dealing with the municipal government of London, with the administration of counties, with the simplification of the law, with the improvement of the higher education? Does not everybody know that the opposition to these measures lies, not with the electoral strata below the 10% limit, but with the electoral strata that possessed the franchise long before 1867, even before 1832?

With regard to the third of Mr. Lowe's propositions, that Parliament would be made still worse by the adoption into the electoral body of the county householders, he rests that solely upon the supposed harm done to Parliament by the extension of the franchise to the borough householders. Now, whatever harm may have accrued to Parliament, and we do not think that Mr. Lowe has succeeded in bringing home any blame to the new electors, there can be little doubt that the nation has gained by the Reform Bill of 1867. Was it not followed by the ever-famous Parliament of 1868, with its splendid array of measures of first-rate importance, the Irish Church Disestablishment Act, the Irish Land Act, the Education Act, the Army Regulation Act? If the extension of household suffrage to counties is followed by achievements of legislation equally heroic, the nation need not complain if it is followed also by a deterioration of the standard of senatorial ability.

#### THE PENGE CASE.

The sympathetic agitation in favour of the Penge murderers, which has filled the daily papers since the sentence of death was passed upon them, shows a very extraordinary reaction of feeling. Sympathy ran all the other way at first. When the horrible story first got abroad that a half-witted wife, who had been married for her money, had been starved to death to make room for a mistress, and the Stauntons were arrested on suspicion, they had to be protected from an infuriated mob, who wished to take the law into their own hands, and lynch them. What is the explanation of the change? Simply, some people answer, that the weakness of the case for the prosecution was not then known. The public had judged too hastily, from an imperfect knowledge of the facts, and when they saw that the evidence did not warrant a conviction, their sense of fair play was too strong to permit them to abide by an unjust opinion, and they hastened to agitate for a remission of the sentence which they were so anxious to procure. We must say for ourselves that we cannot accept this explanation. A case was never more clearly proved. It is true that the testimony of the girl Clara Brown, as Mr. Justice Hawkins repeatedly reminded the jury, was of a very doubtful character, and that the medical evidence for the defence was plausible, but neither of these considerations, we are persuaded, would have shaken the overpowering weight of the evidence of guilt had there not been a stronger motive behind which seized upon these slender pleas for an acquittal and used them as its pretext. That motive was the natural horror at the thought of putting four young persons to death, and there could not be a better practical illustration of the disadvantages of capital punishment, and the way in which it may work to defeat the ends of justice. No clearer proof could be given of the tendency of physically horrible penalties to pervert justice, by setting humane sophistry to work in exaggeration of exculpatory pleas, and in a measure forcing the community to

look away from the mass of evidence which points to the gallows.

We have only to consider how little the evidence in this case, when we do look it fairly in the face, is affected by the arguments which we read in countless letters to the newspapers, and hear round us on every side in private talk. These four persons are to be hanged, we are told, on the evidence of "a tainted witness," who had as much to do with the death of Mrs. Staunton as any of them, and who has given several different versions, all upon oath, of her horrible story. If Clara Brown knew that her masters and mistresses were starving a woman to death, why did she not give information to the police, why did she not only hold her tongue but actually assist in the execution of the diabolical scheme? Her whole story must be a lie from beginning to end, a lie prompted by some spite against Alice Rhodes or Mrs. Patrick Staunton—perhaps jealousy. So thousands of people are reasoning, and it may be that if Clara Brown had had her due, she ought to have been put in the dock along with the others as an accomplice, even upon her own showing. But before we dismiss her whole story of neglect and ill-treatment as a malicious lie or a delusion, we must not forget to consider how far her story is corroborated. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that the case for the prosecution rested solely on the evidence of this girl. The fact is, as anybody can see who goes carefully over the evidence, that there was not a single important point in her testimony against the prisoners that was not supported by independent circumstances. The Judge, whose summing-up has been attacked in the most unwarrantable manner, cautioned the jury in the strongest terms that they were not to give any credence to Clara Brown except where there were independent reasons for believing that she was telling the truth at last. The prosecution used every pains to test her veracity. Take, for example, the letter from Louis Staunton to Alice Rhodes, which she said she picked up in the bedroom. She professed to remember that this letter contained the words:—"My own darling, I was sorry to see you cry so when I left you. It seems as though there never would be, but there will be a time when Harriet is out of the way, when we shall be happy together. Dear Alice, you must know how I love you; we have been together two years now." How absurd, people say, to suppose that she could have remembered the exact words of a letter after an interval of a year! But people forget that this is exactly what the Treasury officials said, and that this made them resolve and devise ways and means to test her recollection of the letter. They were not content with finding evidence, in the shape of a note from Alice Rhodes to Staunton, that Alice Rhodes had lost a letter about the time the witness alleged, and had been concerned lest it should fall into other hands. They thought it possible that Clara Brown might have heard something about the lost letter at the inquest, and thereupon have concocted her version of its contents. Accordingly, they devised a little plan for putting her to the test. In the course of the trial, she was asked whether she remembered anything else that was in the letter. Little else clearly, she said, which was very probable, for anyone looking closely at the facts will see that the words she did profess to recollect were words which ran in the direction of her previous suspicions—suspicions, it may be remarked, which, under the known and proved circumstances, she could hardly have helped entertaining. Little else than those words could the witness remember clearly, but on reflection she said she thought there was something in the letter about Louis Staunton's father. This question, it must be observed, was put without warning, so that the girl had little time to invent an answer. The manner of witnesses in such an emergency affords the Court an almost certain indication as to whether or not they are telling the truth. Clara Brown's manner convinced both Judge and jury that she was telling the truth, but fortunately they were not left to manner alone as evidence of her credibility. A comparison of dates showed that Staunton's father died at the time of the

missing letter, and nothing could be more likely than that he would refer to it in a letter to a person who was in the habit of signing herself "his affectionate wife." So small, and yet so convincing to the unprejudiced mind, are the little facts by which the statements of this doubtful witness have been patiently corroborated. The counsel for the defence incidentally strengthened the last proof by an objection which he raised. If Staunton referred to the death of his father, surely, he said, Alice Rhodes would have made some reference to it in her reply, yet her letter contains none. But when Alice Rhodes's letter, which has been preserved, is looked at, we see that other letters had passed between them in the interval between it and the missing letter, in one of which, if she had thought his father's death worth alluding to, she would naturally have made the reference.

This is but one instance of the care with which the Treasury have conducted the prosecution. There is not a single vital point on which they have not taken equal pains to corroborate Clara Brown's testimony. The witness said that they kept Mrs. Staunton in a state of filth; a letter from the poor woman to her husband has been found, in which, towards the beginning of her enforced stay at The Woodlands, she complains that she "has not had clean flannel for a month." The witness said that Patrick Staunton used to strike Mrs. Staunton, and on one occasion gave her a black eye; this was confirmed by Mr. Keene, the solicitor, who said that she called twice at his office in October, and that he noticed she had a black eye, as well as by the evidence of a gamekeeper who testified to having heard female screams proceeding from the house. The witness recounted a scene in which Patrick Staunton struck the baby; the Sister of Mercy, to whose care it was committed at Guy's Hospital, noticed that there was a mark as of a blow on its cheek. A slight but very significant corroboration of the general system of terrorism practised by Patrick Staunton on his prisoner is given by the gamekeeper Marchant. He saw her once come into the stable at The Woodlands, and heard Staunton say to her, "If you are not off, I have a policeman here, and I will run you in." When a victim is kept so closely guarded, facts from the outside as to the treatment she receives must necessarily be slight; but though trifles light as air themselves, they acquire the utmost importance as corroborations. This remark applies most of all to the question whether Mrs. Staunton received sufficient food. Only those who were actually in contact with the deceased could tell, and good care was taken that nobody should come in contact with her—except Clara Brown and the four persons who must be called conspirators against her whether or not they conspired to take her life. Mrs. Staunton, at the end of her seclusion at The Woodlands, was in a state of emaciation. Have we no evidence as to the cause of this except Clara Brown's statement that food was withheld from her, a statement at variance with her evidence before the coroner to the effect that the deceased had always had plenty to eat? There is a slight corroboration, but not without significance—a corroboration quite strong enough to incline the balance of probability to practical certainty. When the Stauntons brought their victim to Penge, why did Mrs. Patrick say to her, "You shall have your supper directly," and why did Louis Staunton volunteer to the doctor the self-accusing explanation that "she could eat, but she won't?" How did he know that she could eat; and if she was refusing food, from spite, as he seemed to suggest, why should his accomplice seek to keep her quiet by a promise of supper?

But what of the medical evidence adduced by the defence? Apparently several of the persons who have written letters to the newspapers think it enough to clear the accused to have established the possibility of a woman's being reduced to a state of emaciation by any other agency than starvation. If emaciation is to be held a proof of starvation, one correspondent writes, then the relatives of any emaciated invalid may be put in the dock as murderers. The case of the medical experts is that the cause of death was not starvation,



but tubercular meningitis. They must grant that the woman was kept in a state of filth, that she was ill-treated, that she did not always have enough to eat, that she was not allowed to leave the house for six months, for on all these points the evidence of Clara Brown was corroborated; still, the woman died of tuberculosis, and not of starvation. They apparently consider the innocence of the accused proved by the fact that there were tubercles in the brain and the lungs, and that tuberculosis frequently causes emaciation. But how do they get over all the evidence pointing to a conspiracy to injure the deceased? As the case stands, if we accept the theory of medical experts who did not see the body, and add tubercular meningitis to the causes of death, that disease, when all the facts are taken together, figures only as an assistant in the crime of the Stauntons, upon which they had not counted. The only theory that will serve to exculpate the Stauntons from the charge of murder is that their confinement of Mrs. Staunton, and their ill-treatment of her, were due to nothing more than carelessness, and that a few days before her removal to Penge she had a sudden attack of tubercular meningitis. But if they conspired to injure her, they were legally, as well as morally, guilty of murder, whether her death in the end was caused by tuberculosis or not. And that they did so conspire, was proved by an irresistible accumulation of evidence. There is no theory that will explain away all the incriminating circumstances. If Clara Brown's evidence is rejected as that of a tainted witness, in spite of its corroboration at every point, and in spite of the obvious explanation of her previous perjury before the coroner, it may be possible to put a plausible face on each suspicious circumstance singly. But the accumulation of evidence is morally convincing and legally complete.

The case for the conviction was indeed so strong that there is only one way of accounting for the agitation in favour of the accused. It can only be accounted for by the existence of a horror of capital punishment, the presence of which in the community, whatever we may think of the rightness or wrongness of such a feeling, is calculated to defeat the ends of justice. The first thought of the public on hearing of the murder of Mrs. Staunton was, "What a horrible crime!" the general feeling since the trial is, "How horrible to hang four people when it is technically possible to argue that they are innocent!" The indignation which at first broke out against the murderers has now turned against Clara Brown. Now, whether we look upon this growth of repugnance to the taking of human life as a hopeful sign of advance in civilisation, or a deplorable evidence of physical and moral deterioration, there can be no doubt that it constitutes a serious danger, not to say an impassable barrier, to the just application of the present punishment for murder. It operates also as a dangerous inducement to crime, for if a murderer finds a tendency to insist upon an impossible stringency of circumstantial evidence, one of the most powerful restraints upon the temptation to crime is removed.

#### CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

##### I.

True co-operation has not yet been tried on homes and housekeeping, and there seems no present likelihood that it will be tried. Complete schemes have been devised for enrolling a company of tenants to be their own landlords and divide the rents, to be their own purveyors and sell themselves what they consume, to be unitedly masters of a united corps of servants, and to let their legs of mutton share fraternally the glow of one kitchen fire, just as we human beings have to share the warmth of only one sun. Such an institution would have its affairs governed by an elected committee responsible to the shareholders; and, as all the tenants, and only the tenants, would be shareholders—the committee, of course, being chosen from among them—it is presumed that the strong interest which each individual must feel for his

own sake in the efficiency of the administration will keep the electors and the elected alike soberly conscientious in their functions. Then, too, each tenant having a shareholder's regard for the financial prosperity of the company as landlord and purveyor, there is argument against anyone's making unreasonable and expensive demands; each would be able to see that, even if a disproportionate outlay for his individual gratification did not noticeably affect his part of the common balance, whether of money or of comfort, it would create a precedent whose mischievous results he himself would have to feel. And yet—and yet—one would scarcely wish to be a member of that committee. And, in spite of the sound economical principles expounded by the advocates of this thorough-going system of domestic co-operation, it would appear that converts are few or faint-hearted, since up to this moment it has not been possible to get up a company to carry out the scheme. Yet it is an experiment which all who, thoughtfully watching the progress of disruption between the drawing-room and basement estates of the domestic commonwealth, perceive that the old order is changing and must give place to a new, cannot but wish to see fairly tried. It must be owned, to be sure, that most of us feel that form of enthusiasm which nerved Artemus Ward to his willingness to spend every drop of his relations' blood, and of his wife's relations' blood, in the good cause of his country. Our zeal has a vicarious vigour; it is to see co-operative housekeeping tried that we yearn, trying it ourselves is another matter. *Fiat experimentum in corpore alieno.*

But if no institution for co-operation, in the strictly accurate sense of the term, as to board and lodging, has yet been able to pass forth from the dim world of projects into material existence, there do exist arrangements which are so far co-operative that they owe the advantages they offer to their departure from the older and more distinctively English system of unit-ism in every detail. And, as a matter of convenience, the epithet co-operative may reasonably be applied to them, after due apology to the sternly accurate in nomenclature—all the more that the British public, fond of a handy word without too definitive a meaning, has already got into the habit of applying it without the apology. So far, at all events, as homes and housekeeping are concerned, any application of the principle of combination in contradistinction to that more familiar principle of domestic economy which the absent-minded philosopher unintentionally exemplified when he cut in his door one hole for his cat to pass through and another for his kitten is popularly known as co-operation; and it is perfectly possible for one person to include in his ideal of co-operative housekeeping the isolated calm of a hermit-like retreat, and for another to connect the phrase with club fellowship and the animation of evening parties for a permanence.

The simplest and most natural form of co-operative housekeeping, in this unrestricted sense of the term, is evidently that of the family communities so frequent on the Continent and so perplexing to the minds of English folk aware that a resident assemblage of ourselves and our children, together with our fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law, our married brothers and sisters with their spouses and children, and a few promiscuous uncles and aunts and cousins, would by no means constitute a little heaven below. The secret of the possibility of different households of one family thus inhabiting the paternal dwelling lies, of course, in the fact that their intercourse as a family is by no means of that gregarious and dependent nature which we connect with the notion of family life—especially as regards the women of the family—as if all belonged to a great boarding-school in which everybody must do the same thing and at the same time and sitting-rooms and meals and pursuits and acquaintances must always under all circumstances be shared in common. If the unremitting companionship of an English household had to be practised among the members of a French family comprising various *ménages* the hope of harmony would be no greater than for a like miscellany of near relations

England; for human nature is but slightly modified by languages and delights to bark and bite in all countries. But the *appartement* of a French house is really a place apart, a home within the home, and the sisters-in-law on the first floor and the second can receive their respective friends and carry on their individual pursuits each without reference to the other. Even the custom which makes a bedroom wear, so far as it can, the disguise of a sitting-room and do duty as its occupant's legitimate private parlour is an important adjunct and goes further to preserving peace within the walls than any amount of affection: Where solitude can be had at will sociability retains its attractions.

Nothing short of pulling down most of the houses in England, however—most of the houses, that is, which are not palaces—could make the joint residence of different branches of a family possible among us generally. We should need on every floor suites of rooms habitable by day as well as by night, instead of having our top floors built for sleeping in only and our lower floors exclusively for what the house agents call reception rooms, with the basement for the leg of mutton. Our houses would have to be individual buildings instead of narrow partitions sub-partitioned into the regulation one room, two rooms, three, four, six rooms a floor, smaller and more numerous in fixed progression upwards, with no more design than goes to the divisions of a measuring tape. And, if we had the houses to put the federated families in, we should in these days have more than a little difficulty in finding the families. Wherever railway communication spreads family localisation ceases. Colonies of relations and connexions no longer cluster together on their native half-mile; the railway makes anywhere near enough for continued intimacy, and they perceive that as they multiply they are in each other's way—likely, perhaps, to overstock the neighbourhood with a population of doctors, or lawyers, or bankers, or linendrapers, or whatever the favourite family calling may be, and with a general risk of treading on each other's toes in most of their aims and achievements. Migration has come to be considered a matter of course part of a son's establishment in life; the daughters are wooed by the help of express trains, and would scarcely feel themselves married at all if they were not transplanted. Thus the cases in which there would be any possibility of groups of near relations combining their outlay so as to avoid the waste and needless trouble of separate housekeeping are really so exceptional that any arguments in favour of this sort of family federation, however irrefutable from the point of view of patriarchalism and cheapness, can only be assented to with the irresistible *If*. *If* it were possible, it could be done.

Of the ways of applying something of co-operation to our domestic requirements the most rudimentary and the least apparently co-operative is that which goes no further than giving us for our dwellings, under the name of flats, isolated level sections of one large house in the place of the little house to ourselves. A man with few children, or even with no children, requires on the whole as many sitting-rooms as the man with a quiverful; both alike have their friends to entertain, both alike are accustomed to those rules of civilized comfort which preclude us from dining in the kitchen and conducting our correspondence on the staircase. But London houses all go by the measuring tape, so many rooms to so many floors, so many bedrooms to so many sitting-rooms, and the childless man who wants his three or four sitting-rooms is inevitably hampered with a number of superfluous bedrooms and, owing to the exacting and to him useless size of his house, of superfluous servants, while the man with many children may very likely find himself forced, in order to get them sleeping room, to submit to the expenses of a house the number and style of whose reception-rooms is quite beyond his modest desires. But when the architect is dealing with the levels of his huge "mansion" neither custom nor external construction compels him to sort off a given number of rooms to each tenement, and he so arranges the internal distribution that

there are premises with few rooms and premises with many rooms, and that the small premises are by no means necessarily, like small houses, afflicted with straitness and squalor, but offer whatever architectural advantages belong to the larger premises, the difference being in the number not the goodness or size of the rooms. The scale on which these congeries of homes are built evidently allows the money spent on their erection to go much further, with better results, than where a terrace of small houses is built by several separate enterprises; the construction is altogether more solid, the great public staircases fulfil a work of ventilation in no way proportionately represented by the narrow carpeted flights of single houses, the system of drainage can be simpler and more complete, and every householder within the mansion has, with the privacy of his completely separated abode, the brick and mortar and plumber's-work advantages of such an edifice as he could by no means have procured for his sole habitation. Yet there are in this sort of residence inconveniences which cannot be overlooked—inconveniences which need not exist, for they are entirely separable from the system, but which, since for the present they do exist, must be taken into account.

#### SHORT STUDIES FROM INDIA.

##### II.—BOMBAY.

From the deck of the arriving steamer one enjoys perhaps one of the finest views in the wide earth. The picturesque hills of the Mahratta country are bathed in a blue haze, and along the margin of the shores forests of palms wave their regal heads. Islands clothed with the luxuriant richness of the tropics stud the great inlet of the sea known as Bombay Harbour. Ships of every clime and size are riding at anchor, and boats with picturesque brown sails are dancing over a mirror of untarnished brightness. We leave the steamer, and enter a long narrow boat rowed by half-a-dozen natives whose costumes had not troubled the sewing-machine, and in a few minutes we are landed on a handsome stone jetty. We enter a carriage, and are quickly driven past some modern buildings, which are large and ugly enough to do credit to any European capital. We traverse throughout its entire length a wide brown expanse called the Esplanade, with large trees overhanging the road, before we reach the native town, and are suddenly transplanted into the land of Scheherezade and Haroun Alraschid. It is no earthly scene, but a bright fairy picture, which youthful fancies used to paint after reading the wondrous tales of the 'Thousand and One Nights'—

All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist,  
Not its semblance but itself.

Houses two and three storeys high of different style and colour flank us on each side, and all the styles of architecture and shades of colour are mingled together in a most extravagant and picturesque manner. After the dull monotony of an English street one cannot help being struck with the richness of tone and variety of outline of an Indian bazaar. The ground-floors of the houses are supported by pillars of wood, and rich carving is lavished on the pillars, the balconies, on the rosettes of the windows, and the architraves and corners of the roof. A Hindu temple adorned with gaudy-coloured mythological subjects, and the Mussulman's simple mosque with broad dome and pinnacles, vary the scene. The irregular streets are blocked up by the most heterogeneous living mass that can be conceived—women in robes of scarlet, blue, and gold, Persians in high shaggy hats, Parsees in cherry-coloured silk trowsers, tall martial Rajputs, Chinamen with the traditional pigtail, swaggering Mussulmans in turbans of green, sleek Marwarees, with tight-fitting parti-coloured turbans of red and yellow. This tide of human life rolls down the centre of the street unruffled by the conveyances which are ploughing their way through it. There are conveyances of all sorts and descriptions. There is the tramway from

New York drawn by horses with pith bonnets to shelter them from the rays of the sun. There is the phaeton from Long Acre, drawn by high-stepping Arabs; four Parsees recline inside, and an English coachman drives it. There is the rude vehicle of the land, innocent of springs, with a single square seat, drawn by handsome, sleek bullocks. With much trouble and much shouting, we work our way past the small quaint shops, in which are displayed all the wares of the East. There are long lines of confectioners in which the sweetmeats are piled up in all sorts of fantastic shapes. Behind his pile sits a fat, greasy, half-naked confectioner. There are shops filled with utensils of brass and copper; large shining pots and small pots are heaped up to the roof. As the Hindu always eats and drinks from vessels of brass, the brazier's art is an important one in the land. We next come to a large printing establishment, and with a shudder we drive by the curse of modern times—a newspaper office. Next to the supposed literary establishment is the shop of the money-changer, who is seated square-legged on his carpet, with his heaps of rupees, pice, and shells before him. He is seemingly imbued with the notion that calm impassibility is the expression best suited to the countenances of dealers in bullion. His neighbour is a very different style of man. He is a happy, stout creature, who kindly chatters to three or four women as he weighs their grain in a pair of primitive scales. He is the local grocer, and his shop is crowded with baskets filled with pulse of every kind. There is a small hovel in which a lean old man is manufacturing the most delicate silver work. It is interesting to watch him, as his implements consists only of a blow-pipe, a small hammer, and a pair of pincers. There are the stores of the manufactures of the far-famed ebony furniture covered with perfect carving of grotesque monsters or graceful foliage. Thus observing, we proceed through twisting streets till we reach the famous Adelphi Hotel, kept by a well-known Parsee, and, like Shenstone of old, we find our warmest welcome at an inn.

We went out immediately after breakfast to do some business in the fort. The ramparts of the old Bombay Fort are demolished, and its area is chiefly devoted to large mercantile buildings. The Fort is the Cornhill of London, and, like Cornhill, no one lives there. At twelve it is a large bustling town, and at four it is as deserted as a city of the dead. Having some time to spare, we paid a visit to the High Court. The proceedings were very dull, and this may be accounted for by the barristers not wearing wigs. A great deal of mild witticism must lie in the legal wig. This is the only way of accounting for a strange phenomenon often to be observed in a court of justice in England. When a legal gentleman makes a stupid remark the Court is convulsed with laughter. Bombay, with its oppressive climate, does not admit of that display of forensic eloquence which the law courts of England with their sympathising audience present. A hot courthouse, thronged with natives, is enough to damp the burning eloquence of an Irish barrister. A shrewd Hindu solicitor, in instructing a young barrister just landed, told him, "We do not care for too much plenty words, but we like this thing, you know," and he waved his hand in graceful imitation of the declamatory action so dear to the gentlemen of the long robe. Finding the appeals before the High Court supremely dull, we quickly returned to lunch.

After the heat of the day was over, we again set out on a journey to see the sights of Bombay. We went across the flats, and we seemed to be cleaving our way through a wave of horrible stench. The seventy-two distinct smells of Cologne, of which Coleridge makes mention, not one of them equals the odour of the flats at Bombay. The true Eastern smell, that acrid, pungent, clinging odour which first seizes upon the traveller at Cairo, and increases in intensity the further he travels towards the East, is only found in true perfection in Bombay. But it is only natural that the smell of the Bombay flats should be more intense than any

"Oriental Essence." The sewage of an enormous native population lies festering under a burning sun in an open drain. The sanitary condition of Bombay would disgrace a primitive village just emerging from barbarism.

After leaving the flats we ascend the high ridge running into the sea, known as Malabar Hill. This is the favourite and aristocratic suburb of Bombay, and it commands one of the finest panoramas in the world. Following a well-shaded road we reach the Governor's House, which is built at the extreme point of the island. It was here Macintosh, the "man of promise," resided, and built many a literary castle in the air, and it was here Mounstuart Elphinstone, one of the greatest of the many great administrators which India has produced, had "a pretty little cottage." A little distance from Government House is the holy tank of Walkeshwar. The tank is a large sheet of ornamental water, surrounded by picturesque white houses and pagodas. Large flights of steps lead down to the water's edge. Hindu men and women, with and without clothes, are washing away their sins in the dirty green pool. In the vicinity of the temples we saw some fakirs with one arm raised aloft, stiff and withered. The fasting of a ritualistic curate is a small penance compared to this sacrifice.

Leaving Walkeshwar, we descend the hill, and drive round a spacious false harbour known as Black Bay, till we arrive at a range of large buildings. The first we come to is the University Library, designed by Gilbert Scott. The building is far too small for the high tower which forms a very conspicuous and ugly feature in the panorama of Bombay. There is one slight want in the University Library at Bombay; it contains no books. Next to the University Library is the University Senate Hall, also designed by the same architect. It is a building much too like a college chapel, the likeness being greatly increased by a semicircular apse at one end. It is difficult to believe that it was not an old drawing for a chapel converted, on second thoughts, which are not always best, into a University hall. As a chapel it would be handsome, but, like so many other buildings designed by the same hand, it fails in the spires, which strive to be picturesque and are only feeble. The combination of balustrades from Verona, with pinnacles from Caen, is extremely discordant. The Indian builders thought only of what they were doing, and how they could best produce the effect they desired. The European architect of modern times only considers that the building, in its details, should be an exact copy of something else, but whether it should be appropriate to its purpose, and the climate, and the people, are to him matters of secondary importance. The Indian architect never forgot the utilitarian object of his building, but he converted it into a thing of beauty by lavish but not incongruous ornament, worked with that care which can only be obtained where labour and time are of no great value. In addition to this, the Hindu is endowed with great ingenuity, taste, and judgment. The Mahomedan conqueror turned these rare qualities into account. All the main features of his buildings in India are to be found wherever the followers of the man of Mecca came, but they made use of the architects of the land to carry out the details of their design. The English have imported no style of their own. The main features of the Government Secretarial office has certainly come from Venice, but it has been spoilt in transshipment, for no Venetian architect would have made the two ends of a building so many hundred feet long to match exactly. He would have known, however appropriate such treatment is to a small building or to a part of a great one, it is absolutely fatal when applied on an extreme scale. The same remarks apply to the Post Office. The exact repetition of the towers deprive it of any beauty it might have derived from its Italian parent. In the Mechanics' Institute, on the other hand, irregularity has been attempted, but the result is such as almost to reconcile us with the uniformity of the other buildings. To the natives, with their inherent taste and love of beauty, the modern buildings of their conquerors must be a standing injury. At Bombay the English lost a

golden opportunity. As they were bent on copying, they might have copied the splendid monuments of the land. Better still if they had remembered that in India if not in England, architecture is still a living art. State money should have been employed in bringing out whatever is good and original in the artistic bent of the native mind, instead of in thwarting his taste and cramping his manual dexterity by tying him down to foreign designs, which at the best could afford no scope for the free exercise of the peculiar genius of the Oriental decorator. The modern buildings of Bombay are a standing illustration of the great blunder of English rule in India. We have failed to see that if England has much to impart to India she has also much to learn from her. We have only sought to force our own habits, notions, and laws on a highly civilised race, and have despised the valuable institutions of the land which are the growth of ages. A native gentleman of marked ability writes, "But pity! England understands one sort of church system, one sort of learning, and one sort of charity—the one to which it is accustomed."

By the time we had finished our inspection of the buildings sudden darkness had come on the land, and we drove homewards through the streets with their many twinkling lights, and we gaze at the windows of the houses which are filled with painted women in dazzling costumes. And Jezebel "painted her face, and tired her hair, and looked out of the window."

#### COLOUR SENSE AND COLOUR NON-SENSE.

We have all admired Mr. Gladstone's versatility of intellect. Whether he is dealing with classic literature or modern art, with the ethical and religious ideas underlying the Homeric society, or with the economic conditions of a modern community, he always impresses us with his ready comprehension of facts, and his suggestive and instructive way of envisaging his subject. In the present number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Gladstone takes up a topic of peculiar interest, and one on which his special studies might be supposed to throw a valuable light. This is the gradual development of the sense of colour in the human race. The writer has been stimulated to this line of study by two little brochures recently published by Dr. Hugo Magnus of Breslau. The topic is plainly one which demands a knowledge both of history and of physiology. Dr. Magnus is a physiologist, and his pamphlet is issued in a series of physiological treatises. Mr. Gladstone is not, so far as we are aware, fully accredited as a physiologist. He has evidently been attracted to the subject through his historical studies. This fact at once indicates the merits and the limitations of the article.

The thesis put forward by Dr. Magnus is that the sense of colour is much later than the sense of light; that long after our race had attained a considerable sensibility to the various degrees of light and dark, their feeling for difference in colour was blunt and feeble; and further, that when colour began to be distinguished, the eye learnt to separate and to recognise the more energetic colours lying at one end of the spectrum (red and yellow), before it discriminated the less luminous colours at the other end (violet and blue). These positions Mr. Gladstone substantially adopts; and his essay is an attempt to illustrate them by a reference to Homer's way of regarding the colours of objects.

It need hardly be said that in analysing Homer's colour-phraseology Mr. Gladstone shows all his wonted penetration and ingenuity. Some of his inferences may seem a little fanciful, but on the whole he succeeds to a large extent in presenting a consistent and vivid image of many-tinted Nature as she appeared to Homer. We might almost say that Mr. Gladstone enables us to look into Homer's eye and perceive the retinal image which the picturesque outer world there projects. It is of course a question whether Homer's way of viewing objects was an individual feature or a common characteristic of his age. Mr. Gladstone seems rather hastily to assume that it was individual, and bases on this

assumption an argument for the identity of the authorship of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.' Yet it is plain that Homer only illustrates the theory of Dr. Magnus respecting the development of the colour-sense so far as he is taken to represent a general stage of sensibility. Let us see, by the help of Mr. Gladstone's learning and painstaking analysis, what Homer's chromatic system really was.

Homer was keenly sensitive to the varying effects of light. "Hardly any poet," says Mr. Gladstone, "has made such free and effective use of light in general for poetic purposes." Yet he is lacking in "the developed sense of colour." He uses of course a number of terms which appear to connote some peculiarity of colour; but these are not consistently applied to objects having the same tint. For example, he applies the epithet *porphureos* (which afterwards signified purple) to the rainbow, to blood, to a cloud, to the darkening sea, to death, and so on. As a result of his examination of Homer's use of this term, Mr. Gladstone concludes—(a) that in many cases the idea to be conveyed is that of darkness; and (b) that in no case can we be sure of its being a colour-epithet. Similarly, he argues that the adjective *eruthros* (red), which is applied to such variously-tinted objects as blood, copper, and nectar, connoted a certain darkness rather than a particular shade of colour. Even the term "rosy," used of dawn (*rhododaktulos*, "rosy-fingered") and of oil, is, according to Mr. Gladstone, not strictly a colour epithet, but rather signifies a certain whiteness. The only unambiguous chromatic epithet found in Homer is "fair," or "rosy," as applied to the cheeks of women (*kallipareos*). Here Mr. Gladstone is forced to allow that something more than whiteness is intended. This conclusion seems to agree pretty well with Dr. Magnus's theory, which requires that the reds should be the first group of colours distinguished by the eye as colour in contradistinction to white or simple light. The predominance of ideas of light and darkness (including white and black) in Homer, is proved by an analysis of the light-epithets and colour-epithets employed in certain portions of the 'Iliad' and of the 'Odyssey.' Thus, in the last ten books of the 'Odyssey,' the instances of expressions clearly referring to differences of light and darkness are to those of colour-epithets as three to one. Mr. Gladstone's conclusions respecting Homer's colour-phraseology are summed up as follows: "The more we treat, as a general rule, what are apparently his words of colour, as quantitative expressions of light or its opposite, the nearer do we come to the establishment of harmony and consistency in his terminology."

Of Mr. Gladstone's accuracy with respect to Homer's use of the terms cited, we must leave philologists to judge. We may accept his facts as correct, and confine ourselves to his interpretation of these. And here we must object at the outset to some of the essayist's conclusions respecting the meaning of the apparent colour-epithets. For example, he argues that because the expression "*chloros*," which is derived from "herbage," is applied to things so different in tint as the pallor of fear, honey, olive-wood, and so on, this must connote freshness, but not colour. But the objects here mentioned seem to possess allied colours, if not the same colour. Recent literary authorities have familiarised us with the expression "green" for the pallor produced by extreme terror. And browns, yellows, and greens are closely related as adjacent tints in the spectrum. Accordingly, we should expect that the first nascent and confused sense of colour would easily confound these tints, just as we find as a matter of fact that the various shades of red are confounded by children and uncultivated adults. A similar criticism applies to Mr. Gladstone's interpretation of some other Homeric epithets, as *eruthros*, which is clearly used of objects having a certain chromatic affinity. We think it is certain, then, that Mr. Gladstone has underrated the discriminative sense of colour implied in Homer's phraseology. It strikes us, indeed, that the writer is not at all clear as to what an apparent colour-epithet in Homer really stands for. The natural interpretation

seems to be that the poet had a blurred perception of the broader distinctions of colour, or at least of certain tints, though analogies of light, including the effects of lustre (to which Mr. Gladstone only vaguely refers) were apt to override in the poet's imagination resemblances of hue. It is worth remarking, too, that, as a poet, Homer was very susceptible to the emotionable effects of certain grades or intensities of coloured light. Thus the application of the epithet porphureos to dark-tinted vestments and to the darkling sea, probably rested on a vague sense of that quality which is commonly spoken of as richness of colour.

If, however, Mr. Gladstone is a little vague as to the signification really attached by Homer to his colour-epithets, he is positively foggy when he comes to consider the physiological bearing of his facts. He seems to know nothing of what recent physiology, more especially the researches of Helmholtz, have done to clear up the relation of the sensations of light and colour. In the early part of the essay he tries to define the relation of the two sensibilities, but his definition is wanting in scientific precision. Thus he speaks of the discriminative sense of colour as "the special aptitudes" of the organ which may be wanting when the general aptitude (sense of light) is considerably developed. He illustrates this by a reference to the olfactory sense of the lower animals, as also to the distinction between muscular strength and muscular pliability. These analogies are not very helpful. The motor organs are clearly too dissimilar to the sensory to throw much light on their laws of action. Again, the scent of a dog does manifestly imply a very fine sense of qualitative differences within a certain range, and Mr. Gladstone is absurdly wrong when he says that because a dog is lacking in the discriminative sense of the pleasurable and painful in smells (?) "he can deal with quantity only, not with kind in smell." It is odd that Mr. Gladstone does not allude to the most obvious analogy to this double sensibility of the eye, namely, the sensibility of the ear to intensity of sound (corresponding to degree of light) and to pitch (corresponding to the qualitative differences of colour). Still less happy is the essayist when he seeks to elucidate the relation of the two modes of visual sensibility by a reference to "mental gifts." "Those," he writes, "who are clearest and strongest in their perception of broad outlines are endowed with narrowest capacity for apprehending even essential distinctions." This, if it means anything, must point to the difference of intellectual quality manifested in the perception of large wholes, and in the discrimination of nice differences of detail. What this has to do with the contrast of two distinct modes of sensibility (light and colour), each of which is equally discriminative of broad and fine differences, we are at a loss to understand.

It seems plain that Mr. Gladstone has befogged himself by attending only to the physical side of light and colour and neglecting the physiological. Because, as the prism shows us, white (more correctly yellow) sunlight is made up of rays of unlike colours, Mr. Gladstone reasons that the perception of light is somehow the total activity of the organ which includes all special activities. This is plain enough in the vague references to Goethe's exploded theory of colour at the close of the essay. We must in justice say that the writer seems to be aware of the fogginess of his ideas. When he writes, "I cannot describe clearly what I admit that I have not conceived clearly," the reader's criticism is somewhat disarmed, though it is still open to him to retort, "Why, then, write on the subject at all?" Mr. Gladstone should know that, from the point of view of modern physiological science, he is talking nonsense when he says, "The archaic man sets out equipped with one positive perception, namely, light; and one negative, namely, not-light or darkness. As his organ begins to be trained, it trespasses on the intermediate space." Modern physiology knows nothing of any such intermediate space as Mr. Gladstone here talks about. What the retina really possesses is two perfectly distinct modes of sensibility—the sense of light which answers to the

force or quantity of the objective rays, and the sense of colour which corresponds to the velocity of their vibrations. Whether this latter depends on various forms of stimulation of the same sensory fibres, or, as Helmholtz and most physiologists now contend, on the action of distinct classes of optic fibres, does not matter in the present connexion. A little reflection will show that the sensibility to quantity of stimulus naturally precedes, both in the individual and in the race, the sensibility to form of stimulus. Further, it is easy to understand that, of all qualitative differences, those will be first recognised which are combined with the higher light-intensities. In other words, the eye will begin to discriminate quality of light in the region of most energetic stimulation. Thus the reds and yellows will first be singled out by the growing eye from the blurred mass of cosmic colour, just because these tints, both in the sun's direct rays (as sifted by the spectrum) and also in the reflected coloured light of objects, are more luminous, that is, have more light-energy than the rest. This fact of the unequal luminosity of the several colours, which is essential to the understanding of the subject, is quite ignored by Mr. Gladstone. This is the more curious since Dr. Magnus, in the pamphlets alluded to, enters into it very fully. By so doing he is able to present his readers with a view of the subject which serves as an admirable foil to Mr. Gladstone's thoroughly hazy and unscientific perception.

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.\*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

### CHAPTER XL.

#### A FLASH OF NEWS.

We dragged a lengthening chain. As soon as we had left Niagara and its hotels and holiday-making, and plunged into that interminable forest-land that lies between Lakes Huron and Erie, one could have noticed that the gravity of our women-folk was visibly increased. Did they half expect, then—while they were idling about these show-places—some sudden summons, which they could readily answer? Bell, at least, could have no such hope; but all the same, as this big and ornate car was quietly gliding away westward, in the direction of her future home, she was as sad as any of them.

What was the matter? It was a beautiful afternoon. The country through which we were passing was sufficiently cheerful; for this forest was not dark, gloomy, and monotonous like the Schwarzwald, but, on the contrary, bright, varied in hue, and broken up by innumerable clearances. Every few minutes the window next us became the frame of a pleasant little picture—the sudden open space among the trees; a wooden house set amid orchards in which the ruddy apples showed in the evening light; a drove of cattle homeward-going along the rough road; tall silver-grey stems of trees that had been left when the wood was burned down; and everywhere—in every available corner—maize, maize, maize.

"What is the matter?" says the German ex-lieutenant to his wife, who is gazing somewhat absently out of the window.

"I know," says Queen T., with a gentle smile. "She is thinking how she could ever make her way back through this perpetual forest if she were all by herself and with no road to guide her. Fancy Bell wandering on day and night—always towards the East—towards her children. She might take some

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food from the country-people; but she would not enter their houses; she would go on, day after day, night after night, until she got to the sea. And you want to know what she is thinking of now? I believe she is consumed with hatred of everything lying westward of the river Mole; and that she considers the Pullman car a detestable invention. That is the pretty result of Colonel Sloane's ingenuity!"

It certainly was not fair to talk in this slighting fashion of poor old Five-Ace Jack, who was but recently dead, and who had done what he considered his best with such worldly possessions as Providence had allowed him to thief and amass. But at this moment the lieutenant struck in.

"Oh, that is quite foolish!" he cried. "There is no longer any such thing as distance—it is only time. It is foolish to think of the distance between the Rocky Mountains and Surrey; it is only how many days; and you may as well be living in a pleasant car, and having good food, and very capital beds, as in a hotel, while all the time you are travelling. And indeed," continued this young man, seriously addressing his wife, "there is very little difference of time either now. You want to speak to your children? You speak to them through the telegraph. It is an hour or two—it is nothing. In the morning you send them a message—you say 'How do you do?'—in the evening, as you sit down to dinner, you have the answer. What is that separation? It is nothing."

"I think," says Bell, with savage ferocity, but with tears springing to her eyes, "I will spend the whole of the first year's income of this wretched property in telegrams to the children. One might just as well be dead as living without them."

And if she was to derive any comfort from this reflection that the telegraph was a constant link of communication between herself and those young folks left behind in Surrey, she was not likely to be allowed to forget the fact for any length of time. Even out in this forest wilderness the most prominent feature of the smallest hamlet we passed was its telegraph posts and wires. Very plain, unpretending, unpicturesque hamlets these were—even in the ruddy glow now shining over the land. They consisted of a number of wooden shanties all set down in rectangular rows—the thoroughfares being exceedingly broad and bare—the whole place having an oddly improvised and temporary look, as if the houses and shops could in a few minutes be put on wheels and carried along to the next clearance in the forest. But what could even the smallest of these here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow-looking places want with such a multiplicity of telegraph-wires?

That night the three women, having been bundled into the prettily-decorated state-room that had been secured for them, and being now doubtless fast asleep, saw nothing of a strange thing that occurred to us. Had Von Rosen gone mad, or had the phrase "state-room" confused his fancies, that, looking out of the car window, he suddenly declared we were at sea? Rubbing his eyes—perhaps he had been dozing a bit—he insisted on it. Then he must needs hurry out to the little iron gangway at the end of the car, to see if his senses were forsaking him.

Here, certainly, a strange sight was visible. We were no doubt standing on a railroad-car, but all around us there was nothing but black and lapping water through which we were rapidly moving, propelled by some unknown power. And the blackness of this mysterious lake or sea was intensified by the flashing down on the waves of one or two distant lights that seemed to be high above any possible land. Then, as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, lo! another phenomenon—a great black mass, like a portion of a city, moving after us through the night. We began to make it out at last.

The bewildering lights ahead were two lofty beacons. We were crossing a lake, or a bit of a lake. The long train had been severed into lengths, and each portion of the huge serpent placed on a gigantic steam ferry-boat, which was taking us across the black waters. And when this night-passage ceased, we scarcely knew whether we were on sea or on shore, whether on a boat or a line of rail. But people began to talk about Detroit; and here undoubtedly was a railway station, to say nothing of a refreshment bar.

"I believe we have got into the States again," observed the lieutenant, thereby showing a knowledge of geography which was not surprising in a German.

Next morning our little party had most obviously improved in spirits. Perhaps there was some secret hope among the women-folk that they would have further news from England when they arrived at Chicago; though what good could come of that it was hard to say. Or perhaps they were delighted to find that they had suffered no discomfort at all in passing a night on board a railway-train. They praised everything—the cleanness and comfort of the beds—the handiness of the lavatories—the civility of the attendants. There was no fatigue at all visible in their fresh and bright faces. And when they sat down to breakfast it was quite clear that they meant to make it a comic breakfast, whereas breakfast in an American railway-car is a serious business, to be conducted with circumspection and with due regard for contingencies. For one thing, the hospitable board is not spacious; and with even the most smoothly going of cars there are occasional swayings which threaten peril to coffee-cups. But the chief occasion for fear arises from the fact that your travelling American is a curious person and insists on experimenting upon every possible form of food that the districts through which he is passing produce. Moreover, he has a sumptuous eye; and likes to have all these things spread out before him at once. No matter how simple the central dish may be—a bit of a prairie-chicken, for example, or a slice of pork—he must have it, perhaps merely for the delight of colour, graced by a semicircle of dishes containing varied and variously prepared vegetables. Now we never could get the most intelligent of negroes to understand that we were only plain country folk, unaccustomed to such gorgeous displays and varieties of things, and not at all desirous of eating at one and the same time boiled beans, beet-root in vinegar, green corn, squash, and sweet potatoes. Sambo would insist on our having all these things, and more; and could not be got to believe that we could get through breakfast without an assortment of boiled trout, pork and apple sauce, and prairie chicken. The consequence was that this overloaded small table not unfrequently reminded one or two of us of certain experiences in northern climes, when the most frugal banquet—down in that twilight saloon—was attended by the most awful anxiety.

"She pitches a good deal," said Bell, raising her cup so as to steady it the better, "the sea must be getting rougher."

"Madame Columbus," asked the lieutenant, "when shall we come in sight of land? The provisions will be running short soon. I have never seen people eat as these people eat—it is the fine air, is it not?"

"Mr. von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, "do you know that you can have Milwaukee lager beer on board this ship?"

"Do I know?" said the young man, modestly. "Oh, yes, I know. I had some this morning at seven o'clock." And then he turned to his shocked wife, "I was very thirsty; and I do not like that water of melted ice."

He would have explained further; but that his wife intimates that such excuses are unnecessary. She has got used to this kind of thing. Happily her children are now beyond the sphere of his evil example.

"Ah," said he, "this is all very poor and wretched as yet—this crossing of the American continent. I am a prophet. I can see the things that will come. Why have we not here the saloon that we have across the Atlantic—with a piano? I would sing you a song, Lady Sylvia."

"Indeed," said that lady, very sweetly, "you are very kind."

"But it is a long time ago since we used to have songs in our travelling. I can remember when we had to try a new piano every day—some of them very queer; but always in any case we had the guitar, and 'Woodstock Town' and 'The Flowers of the Forest'—"

"And 'Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter,'" says Bell, in a suddenly deep and tragical voice, "*wollt dem Kaiser wiederum krrrrrrriegen Stadt und Festung Belga-rrrrrr-ad!*"

"Ah, Bell," says Queen T., "do you remember that morning at Bourton-on-the-Hill?"

Did she remember that morning at Bourton-on-the-Hill! Did she remember that bunch of fiddlesticks! No doubt they were very pleased to get away from the small inn where they had had ham, and eggs, and whisky for supper, and ham, and eggs, and tea for breakfast; but here, in this bountiful and beneficent land, flowing over with broiled bluefish, Carolina widgeon, marrow squash, and Lima beans, what was the use of thinking about Bourton-on-the-Hill and its belongings? I do not believe we were charged more than a shilling per head for our lodging in that Worcestershire hostelry; here we were in a country where we could pay, if we chose, a couple of shillings extra for having a bottle of wine iced. And, if it came to that, what fresher morning could we have had anywhere than this that now shone all around us? We dragged these nostalgic persons out on to the pleasant little iron balcony at the end of the car. There had been a good deal of rain for some time before; so there was little dust. And what could be brighter and pleasanter than these fair blue skies, and the green woods, and the sweet, cool winds that blew about and tempered the heat of the sun? We seemed to be rolling onward through a perpetual forest, along a pathway of flowers. Slowly as the train went, we could not quite make out these tall blossoms by the side of the track; except to guess that the yellow blooms were some sort of marigold or sun-flower, and the purple ones probably a valerian, while the rich tones of brownish-red that occurred among the green were doubtless those of some kind of rumex. And all through this forest-country were visible the symptoms of a busy and shifty industry. Clearing followed clearing, with its enclosures of split rails to keep the cattle from wandering; with its stock of felled timber close to the house; and with, everywhere, the golden yellow pumpkins gleaming in the sunlight between the rows of the grey-green maize.

"What a lonely life these people must lead," said Lady Sylvia, as we stood there.

"Yes, indeed," responded her mistress. "They are pretty nearly as far removed from telegraphs, and newspapers, and neighbours as we are in Surrey. But no doubt they are content—as we might be, if we had any sense. But if the newspaper is ten minutes late, or the fire not quite bright in the breakfast-room—"

"Or the temper of the mistress of the house," says another voice, "of such a demoniacal complexion that the very mice are afraid of her—"

"—then, no doubt, we think we are the most injured beings on earth. Oh, by the way, Lady Sylvia, how did your dado of Indian matting look?"

This was a sudden change; and, strangely enough, Lady Sylvia seemed rather embarrassed as she answered.

"I think it turned out very well," said she, meekly.

"I suppose some of your guests were rather surprised," is the next remark.

"Perhaps so," answers the young wife evasively. "You know, we never have given many dinner-parties in Piccadilly. I—I think it is so much better for my husband to get into the country whenever he can get away from the House."

"Oh, yes, no doubt," says Queen T., with much simplicity "No doubt. But you know you are very singular in your tastes, Lady Sylvia. I don't know many women who would spend the season in Surrey, if they had the chance of spending it in Piccadilly. And what did you say those flowers were?"

Our attention was soon to be called away from the flowers. The forest became scantier and scantier—finally it disappeared altogether. In its place we found a succession of low and smooth sand-hills—of a brilliant yellowish-brown in this warm sunlight, and dotted here and there with a few scrubby bushes. This was rather an odd thing to find in the midst of a forest; and we were regarding these low-lying mounds with some interest when, suddenly, they dipped. And lo! in the dip a dark blue line—and that the line of the horizon. The sea!—we cried. Who can imagine the surprise and delight of finding this vast plain of water before the eyes, after the perpetual succession of tree-stems that had confronted us since the previous morning? And surely this blue plain was indeed the sea; for far away we could pick out large schooners apparently hovering in the white light, and nearer at hand were smart little yachts, with sunlight on their sails.

"Madame Columbus," cried the lieutenant, "have we crossed the continent already? Is it the Pacific out there?"

"Why, you know," says the great geographer with a curt-ness unworthy of her historic name and fame. "It is Lake Michigan. It is a mere pond. It is only about as long as from London to Carlisle; and about as broad as—let me see—as Scotland, from the Clyde to the Forth."

It was a beautiful sight, however insignificant the size of the lake may have been. Nothing could have been more intensely blue than the far horizon line, just over those smooth and sunlit sand-hills. No doubt, had we been on a greater height we should have caught the peculiar green colour of the water. Anyone, who has unexpectedly come in view of the sea in driving over a high-lying country—say in crossing the high moors between Launceston and Boscastle—must have been startled by the height of the suddenly revealed horizon-line. It seems to jump up to meet him like the pavement in the story of the bemuddled person. But down here on this low level we had necessarily a low horizon-line; and what we lost in intrinsic colour we gained in that deep reflected blue that was all the stronger by reason of the yellow glow of the sand-hills.

We got into Michigan City. We were offered newspapers. We refused these—for should we not have plenty of time in Chicago to read not only the newspapers, from which we expected nothing, but also our letters from England, from which we expected everything? As it turned out, there was nothing at all of importance in our letters; whereas, if we had taken these newspapers, we could not fail to have noticed the brief telegraphic announcement—which had been sent all over the commercial world—of the suspension of the well-known firm of Balfour, Skinner, Green and Co., liabilities 500,000/. In happy ignorance we travelled on.

It was about mid-day, after skirting the southern shores of Lake Michigan through a curiously swampy country, that we entered Chicago, and drove to the very biggest of its big hotels.

## LITERATURE.

## LANGE'S HISTORY OF MATERIALISM.

*History of Materialism, and Criticism of its Present Importance.*  
By Frederick Albert Lange. Authorised Translation by Ernest  
Chester Thomas. Volume I. London: Trübner and Co.

English readers have for some time been looking forward to a translation of the late Professor Lange's 'History of Materialism.' Allusions to it by some of our leading scientific men, and rumours of the effect produced by it in Germany, naturally made us impatient to see it in its promised English form. The recent death of the gifted and promising author only increased our interest in a book which was said to possess so many good qualities. We have now the first instalment of the work before us, and are in a position to judge for ourselves of its real merits. We are happy to say that our expectations have not been disappointed. This first volume is exceedingly interesting and highly suggestive reading, and we have no doubt that the translation, of which this is a part, will prove a valuable addition to the English students' foreign philosophic library.

The word "materialism" will suggest very different things to different minds, and with these different suggestions there will go various expectations respecting Lange's work. The author does not very distinctly define the term he has chosen, and we cannot but look on this as a serious defect in the work. As it is, we have to get at the author's interpretation of his term by seeing what he brings under it. Following this plan, we soon learn that the historian employs the word in its widest signification. Thus, in the main, materialism stands for all attempts to explain the world by starting from the particular concrete impression. It is thus directly opposed to all *à priori* construction of the universe out of general notions or principles. In other words, the materialist sets out from the individual impression or sensation as the real, while transcendental idealists, from Plato to Hegel, find reality first of all in the universal, that is in the idea or notion. Accordingly, Lange most frequently opposes Materialism to all philosophies which resolve the objective world into an evolution or product of thought. It is the antagonist of all theological and teleological conceptions of the world. Its method is induction, as against the deductive process of these *à priori* constructions. Materialism, in other words, is, in Lange's hands, very much an equivalent for empiricism or positive philosophy. We cannot but think this rather a loose employment of the term, since there has been and still is a materialism—that is to say, a doctrine of matter as the one substance—which is as metaphysical as any form of idealism. Yet in the main, no doubt, the history of positive science coincides with the gradual rejection of a spiritualistic view of material events, and the recognition of the physical order as self-sufficing. Metaphysical materialism might thus, perhaps, be regarded as the necessary link of transition from a spiritualistic and anthropomorphic view of the external world to a strictly positive view.

How, it may be asked, does the author stand in relation to his subject? Is he a disciple of Materialism, or one of its opponents, or, finally, an impartial spectator of the dispute between it and its antagonists? So far as we can judge from this first volume, Lange recognises in Materialism the sole basis of exact knowledge. He is thoroughly in sympathy with the modern scientific spirit. He ridicules the pretensions of the Hegelian school with a frankness which is quite refreshing in a German professor of philosophy. It is true that he here and there hints at the limitations of Materialism so far as it seeks to supply a complete theory of the universe, and speaks of the necessity of a complementary construction of the world-order to be effected by the imagination under the sway of the mind's poetic and spiritual aspirations. Yet Lange distinctly enough teaches that Materialism embodies the conditions and elements of definite and certain knowledge. He is thus sufficiently in sympathy with his

theme to do it ample justice. His history stands out indeed in marked contrast to the common run of German histories of philosophy. In some respects it resembles Mr. Lewes's 'History of Philosophy' in its aim and spirit. It is equally opposed to all metempirical solutions of the problem of the world. By many it will be regarded as equally open to the charge of being written with a party-purpose. Yet after so many presentations of the history of thought from the somewhat inaccessible standpoint of the Hegelian philosopher, it is a gain to have this history unfolded in quite another light. For Lange's book, though in name it discusses but one movement of philosophic history, actually reviews the whole development of speculative thought. It regards this development as a gradually successful struggle of Materialism, or the empirical method, against the forces of a proud and daring transcendentalism.

The first volume traces the history of Materialism from the age of the early Greek physical philosophers to the seventeenth century. Each stage in this history is studied in the light of social, political, and personal conditions. The brief but vivid descriptions of Greek social life and manners agreeably relieve the exposition of a somewhat grave subject. Materialism is looked on as one of the earliest forms of philosophic speculation, though its emergence out of the more primitive anthropomorphic conceptions of the human mind is not explained quite as fully as one would like. Among the early Materialists Demokritus occupies the foremost place; at the same time Lange traces very ingeniously the presence of materialistic elements or tendencies in the systems of the Pythagoreans and the Eleatics. The author seeks to reconstruct the theory of atomism propounded by Demokritus. It is curious to note in how many respects these early thinkers, with their defective methods of observation, and their scanty store of facts, anticipated ideas of modern speculative physicists. The relations of Materialism and Sensationalism are dealt with in a brief account of the Sophists. Sensationalism, as Phenomenalism, though directly contradictory of the metaphysical materialism which Berkeley attacked, is allied in its method to the empirical side of Materialism. They both "agree at bottom in laying stress on matter in opposition to form." Sensationalism is thus a higher development out of Materialism. In a similar way the author connects theoretical Materialism with practical or ethical Materialism. If by the latter we mean "a dominant inclination to material acquisition and enjoyment," we must say that theoretical Materialism, like every other effort of "the spirit towards knowledge," is opposed to it. Lange even goes further and writes: "We may say that the sober earnest which marks the great materialistic systems of antiquity is perhaps more suited than enthusiastic Idealism, which only too easily results in its own bewilderment, to keep the soul clear of all that is low and vulgar, and to lend it a lasting effort after worthy objects."

But the correct idea of ethical Materialism means something different from this, namely, the doctrine that all conduct, moral included, grows out of particular impulses or feelings—in other words, the hedonism of Aristippos and Epikuros, and in this doctrine Lange finds an analogy to theoretical Materialism in the fact of their common departure from the material as opposed to the formal, an analogy which explains, he thinks, the frequent historical connexion of the systems. The account of Epikuros is specially full and interesting, while we have a lengthy analysis of the poem of Lucretius. Lange evidently feels a good deal of admiration for the thoroughly scientific spirit of these thinkers. On the other hand, his account of the reaction against Materialism and Sensationalism, illustrated in Sokrates, Plato, and Aristotle, is marked by a tone of severity. Lange's own idealistic impulses saved him, of course, from overlooking the value of the airy speculations of Plato, viewed as the expression of permanent spiritual aspirations; yet he points out the mischief which such a mode of philosophising has wrought in the domain of science properly so called. Possibly many of his readers will think that he under-



states the empirical tendencies in Aristotle, though he certainly succeeds in showing that this thinker shared in some of the worst features of his master's method.

Next to the materialism of antiquity comes that of the period of transition, which includes the Arabian philosophy, scholasticism, and the scientific renaissance. Lange's narrative of this comparatively unattractive section of the progress of thought is hardly less fresh and striking than the rest of his history. His exposure of the fundamental fallacies of the Aristotelian schoolmen reminds one, in its penetration and clearness of statement, of certain well-known chapters of 'Mill's Logic.' Very curious is the position assigned to Descartes in the history of Materialism. Lange is inclined to go a considerable way with Delametrie, who "traced his own Materialism to Descartes, and maintained that the wily philosopher, purely for the sake of the parsons, had patched on to his theory a soul, which was in reality quite superfluous." According to Lange, Descartes worked out independently a materially conceived nature and an idealistic metaphysic, and failed to effect (what Kant afterwards effected) "a tenable connexion" between the two.

In the next stage of the history, the seventeenth century, Lange has to discuss for the most part English writers. There is an excellent sketch of Hobbes, whose strong and weak points are seized with a quick and certain eye. Of Hobbes's uncompromising egoism in morals, Lange well writes:—"It is just because of this unshrinking consistency that Hobbes, even when he goes wrong, is still so extraordinarily instructive; and we can, in fact, scarcely name a second author who has been so unanimously abused by the disciples of all schools, while at the same time he stimulated them all to greater clearness and precision." It is to be remarked that Lange connects the teachings of the English Materialists very closely with the whole national development. "There is no question (he writes) that the enormous forward movement of this country is quite as intimately connected with the acts of philosophers and men of science from Bacon and Hobbes to Newton, as the French Revolution with the appearance of Voltaire." Lange is of course impressed, like other foreign students of our history, with our odd mixture of practical Materialism and religious orthodoxy; and his observations on this aspect of our character, as illustrated in Hobbes and Newton, are equally instructive and entertaining.

A word in conclusion on the translation. It is evidently very carefully performed; and anybody who has tried the task of conveying the thoughts of a German philosopher into English will be slow to condemn so sincere an effort as the present on the ground of a few unimportant blemishes. Yet, while recognising the merits of Mr. Thomas's version, we feel bound to say that his style is far too close a reproduction of the German to be easy or pleasant reading. We should conjecture that the translator had almost acquired the habit of thinking in a German style, for even in his preface we meet with a thoroughly un-English inversion like this: "The causes that have delayed its completion, since they are personal to myself, it would be an impertinence to trouble the reader with." Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, a good translation must not be too exact, and in many instances Lange's meaning would be much more intelligible if the translator had ventured to break up sentences, to vary the order of clauses and words, and in other ways to depart from the precise German mode of expression.

#### CAPTAIN BURNABY IN ASIA MINOR.

*On Horseback through Asia Minor.* By Captain Burnaby. London: Sampson Low and Co.

Captain Burnaby was considering where he should spend his leave of absence during the winter of 1876, when the agitation in England regarding the massacres in Bulgaria gave him much food for a little reflection. The nation was on the eve of an important election—Buckinghamshire; illustrious statesmen gave up bicycling

and felling timber; pamphlets were written holding up the Turks to universal execration; and finally two letters were published in the *Times*, signed by gentlemen belonging to the Church of England, saying that they had seen Christians impaled by the Turks. This decided the gallant Captain. He could not bring himself to believe that the Turks had been guilty of such atrocities in Bulgaria. Yet the evidence that they had was overwhelming. There was only one way to settle the question. That was to go and see. This the gallant Captain determined to do. He determined to ride through Asia Minor. Why he determined to go to Asia Minor in preference to North America or New South Wales, in order to ascertain whether the Turks were or were not guilty of massacres in Bulgaria is a quibbling question which a man of Captain Burnaby's large views would of course not condescend to answer. Clearly nobody else can; and so it may be passed over as an unsolvable riddle. His next step was more explicable. He read all the books he could find which treated of Asia Minor. The result of these studies was the acquisition of the knowledge so highly important to a traveller that in winter time it is very cold in Armenia, but that the clothes which kept him alive in the deserts of Tartary would also keep him alive in Turkestan. Another result of his reading all the books he could find on Asia Minor was the conviction that all that could be said about the country had been said already. Tschihatscheff, Barth, Blau, Texier, Radde, Petzholdt had quite exhausted all that was of interest in the country. Its history, its natural features, its geography, geology, botany, ethnography, mineralogy, &c., were so well known as to be quite hackneyed; whilst, as for anything that might have turned up since the days of Tournefort and Milner, there was the last edition of Murray's 'Guide to the East.' Captain Burnaby thus found, to his great astonishment, that there was absolutely nothing new to be learned about Asia Minor. But then, of course, he had not decided to go to Asia Minor to say anything about it, but solely in order to find out whether it was true that the Turks had committed certain atrocities in Bulgaria. Whether he succeeded in accomplishing his object or no, does not appear from any part of the preface, introduction, or body of the book. Certainly most people would despair of such a task. Ordinary mortals would perceive, even if they wanted to reason from analogy only, that Asia Minor, being inhabited chiefly by Mussulmans and by their friends the Armenians, scarcely afforded the same scope for the Turks to exercise their peculiar talents as Bulgaria, where the population is preponderatingly Christian. But as a coach and four can be driven through any Act of Parliament, so, too, can Captain Burnaby ride through all the rules of logic and argue that as the Mussulmans of Asia Minor do not cut each other's throats, it necessarily follows that the Turks in Bulgaria do not cut the throats of the Christians. This was the result of Captain Burnaby's experiences during his ride of 2,000 miles through Asia Minor. Certainly it was a meagre result; and the more he looked at it the less he must have liked it. It was not only meagre, but it might have been arrived at by a simple course of *a priori* reasoning without riding 2,000 miles in the depth of winter through the wilds of Asia Minor. Besides, how write a book about it? Even with the help of the large capitals which he occasionally uses, not even Captain Burnaby could fill two thick volumes with the proposition: "Turks do not massacre each other in Asia Minor; consequently they do not massacre Christians in Bulgaria. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

Then there was nothing new to be told about Asia Minor. What was to be done? After much ruminating the gallant Captain suddenly conceived a brilliant idea. He determined to take a cockney servant with him, engage a Turkish cook and general factotum, and faithfully chronicle the sayings, doings, and opinions of the two. Besides being as good as a pantomime—especially as they could not understand each other—he would by this means acquire a thorough knowledge of

the Eastern Question as understood by the lower orders of humanity. Thus, full of anticipatory delight at the prospective fun, the jocular Captain—with the experience of an old traveller—set about his preparations. Before he started, however, so irrepressible was his glee that he resolved to perpetrate a preparatory joke by writing to Musurus Pasha for permission to travel in Asia Minor. At first Musurus Pasha was rather puzzled to know what this might mean, but, remembering that the gallant Captain had met with some difficulties from the Russian authorities during his ride towards Khiva, he thought probably that the permission was asked in all seriousness, and, as no danger whatever to the State was likely to accrue from the proposed journey, courteously replied that any Englishman could travel where he liked in the Turkish Empire with the ordinary Foreign Office passport, "one of which His Excellency enclosed." Thus, having obtained a British Foreign Office passport from the Ottoman Embassy, Captain Burnaby had nothing more to do but bid Mr. Radford get ready to start. Instead of the customary pantomimic poker to singe the clown's legs with, a stock of 500 cartridges was laid in, and in a short time Captain Burnaby "was hustled into a first-class carriage at Charing Cross Station *en route* for Dover." The fun began at Paris, where an obese Englishman, the train being composed only of first-class carriages, refused to travel in the same compartment with his servant, and made him enter that of Captain Burnaby, who, however, had his revenge at Dijon, when the obese Englishman found, to his intense disgust, that he was travelling with a Yankee's French cook. It does not seem to have struck Captain Burnaby or the obese Englishman that they might have avoided the annoyance of travelling with each other's servants by paying the moderate sum of ten francs or so for a *coupé lit*. But then the gallant Captain might have lost one of Mr. Radford's sayings, and, with a tenacity worthy of Boswell, he stuck to his Dr. Johnson. In due course the two arrived at Constantinople, where the Captain, not entertaining the same ideas as Lord Beaconsfield about "coffee-house babble," proceeded to a *café chantant* in quest of political information. Here he learned that "there was not the least chance of another massacre of the Christians unless Ignatieff were to arrange one for political purposes." He also learned that the Turks would gladly hail an English army of occupation, because it would bring some gold into the country. He further learned that the Armenian priests are afraid of being seen speaking to Europeans, but not at all because they are interfered with by the Government. "Armenians," says the Captain, "are not thrown into prison or banished from the capital without this being at once published to the world. Then why so much timidity on the part of the Armenian priests? If they are not engaged in seeking to undermine the Government, one would have thought they had nothing to fear." That "one" was of course Captain Burnaby. However, having accumulated these facts, and anxious to settle down to his work as chronicler of Mr. Radford's adventures, the Captain proceeded to visit the environs of Constantinople, so as to get a little rural opinion. It came in the shape of two casual English travellers, who informed him that the poor Turks were systematically swindled by the Christians, and that, for instance, they had to pay 750*l.* for Krupp guns costing only 150*l.* It is true that we hear from Herr von Krupp's representative that all the Krupp guns the Sultan's Government possesses were purchased direct from Herr von Krupp, and paid for at the ordinary price, but of course this is nothing against the evidence of two English travellers going to shoot snipe in a marsh. Having acquired sufficient rural opinion, the Captain then sought some relaxation from his severe mental labours in another *café chantant*, where he stayed from 8 P.M. to 2 A.M., drinking champagne, as he modestly allows a third person to inform the reader.

Meantime, the Captain had engaged a Mohammedan servant who could only speak Turkish, and was thus less likely to have learned any bad habits from the Armenians, and had bought five horses, with which the whole party

embarked on the steamer for Scutari. The raised deck was very crowded; there was a Bey with his harem on board, the sun shone, the waters glittered, the scene was varied and gorgeous as at a pantomime, and all was ready for the customary bang which ushers in the transformation scene. It came with a terrific explosion! "Was it a torpedo which Ignatieff had set to blow up the Mohammedans, or had the engine burst?" Here Captain Burnaby lets Mr. Radford make his *début*, and in his classical tongue Mr. Radford makes reply:—

"Lor, Sir, it was that black 'orse Obadiah, as was the bottom of all the mischief. He is that artful. He stood quiet enough till we started and the paddles began to turn; he then began to kick, and frightened the grey. That 'ere Turk," pointing to Osman, "was a-praying by the side of the paddle boxes, and not taking any account of the hanimals, drat him! Obadiah upset his pack-saddle and then stamped on the cartridge-box; some of them have gone off. Hosman left off praying and began to swear, that's all he did; and as for them there Turks in charge of the other 'orses, they did nothing. Obadiah slipped up and I sat on his head to keep him quiet."

The rest of the journey was accomplished to the tune of a chorus of Turkish expletives and recriminations, Mr. Radford evidently conceiving a strong dislike to "Hosman." After landing at Scutari, the "hanimals" wished to keep up the pantomime, and played elaborate jokes amongst the tomb-stones of the cemetery, into which they successively pitched the baggage, and tried to explode some more cartridges. Then one of them ran away, and disappeared into the gathering gloom. The Captain sat down on a broken tombstone and surveyed the scene, as he bade his minions speak. "It was all owing to the saddle," said Osman, "it did not fit the horse." "What does he say?" inquired Mr. Radford. "Say?—confound him! he says it is the fault of the saddle." "Saddle, Sir!" said Mr. Radford, "No it ain't. It is all the fault of his confounded praying. Why, whenever there is any work to be done, he is always down on his knees and a-banging his head agin the ground. Real hard work his praying is, Sir, and no mistake. I caught him at it this morning in the hotel; then he had another turn on board the steamer—and, look, Sir, there he is again. Drat him, he has taken my coat to kneel on!"

This was too much for Mr. Radford, and that night he spoke no more for the Captain to chronicle. The next day was spent in an ineffectual search for the horse. A new one had to be bought. The party then started afresh. After a while they became hungry. A goose was cooked and eaten. Presently the road became worse, and presently they arrived at Ismid. Here the Pasha conversed with the Captain about Mr. Gladstone, and said that Turkey could put 700,000 men into the field, to eat up the Russians, whose agents had brought about massacres of the Christians, and set the world against the Turks. This view of the Pasha's, says the Captain, is confirmed by official reports. "See Appendices." This concludes the chapter on Ismid. A series of accidents to the baggage, and a remark from Mr. Radford, that "the Turks don't drink no beer, turn up their noses at wine, and that Hosman's blood aint no thicker than ditch water," brought the party to Sabanja. On the way they met some Bashi-Bazouks returning from Bulgaria. They confessed to killing a few women; but then there had been some terrible massacres afterwards by the Russians, near Gumri. Three chapters then follow in which the mothers of all the Russians, and of several species of animals are repeatedly committed to Allah for continuous defilement, brings the Captain to an account of Mr. Radford's first serious quarrel with Osman, whose behaviour at dinner "turned him hup, that it did." The Captain succeeded in re-establishing peace, whereupon Osman attempts to kiss Mr. Radford. This affords Mr. Radford an opportunity to ask the Captain "whether the Roosians kiss each other," and to state his opinion, on being assured that they do, "that he could lick half-a-dozen of them." Strong in this conviction, Mr. Radford and Osman continue their skirmishing with varying success, till they arrived at Angora. Here Captain Burnaby received the news of the promulgation of the Turkish Constitution, regarding

which the Governor of Angora expressed an opinion that it was impossible in practice. But, says the Captain, this has been refuted by Sir Henry Elliot. "See Appendix." Three chapters are devoted to a description of the hospitalities of Angora, and much pasha talk, of which the best part was an anecdote regarding the Prophet, who was much bothered one day by an old woman wanting to know to which particular heaven she would be sent. The Prophet replied angrily that there would be no old women at all in heaven. The ancient dame was terribly disgusted at this, and collected all the old women in Mecca to complain to the Prophet of their evil fate, and threatened all manner of things. This was serious, but the Prophet escaped from the dilemma by saying that it was quite true that there would be no old women in heaven, because they would all become young again.

On leaving Angora, Osman became very frisky and noisy; Mr. Radford "drats" him considerably, and, after the usual squabbles and baggage accidents, Chapter XV. closes with the remark of Mr. Radford that the Turks "ain't got no decent tobacco. Why, a pipeful of cavendish, or good bird's-hi, is worth all the hay they smoke." This ushers in a chapter about Yuzgat, where, according to the opinion of a Polish refugee, it would appear that the Armenians are altogether inferior in morals to the noble Turk. At Tokat, however, the virtuous Moslem, Osman, was caught peculating, *flagrante delicto*, and summarily dismissed, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Radford, his successor being a certain Mohammed, who henceforth played the clown to Mr. Radford's harlequin. An oration by the latter gentleman on the excellences of the Turkish soldiers which quite outbalance the iniquities of the Turkish Government brings the first volume to a successful close. So interesting is it that Captain Burnaby must forgive us for having laid the whole of its contents before our readers.

The second volume is much the same as the first; but it loses somewhat in humour, as Mohammed is a name that does not afford Mr. Radford such repeated opportunities to expend his large stock of superfluous aitches. On the other hand, it gains somewhat in dramatic interest by the accounts given of the wonderful impression produced by the mustard plasters and pills, which the gallant Captain sometimes had occasion to dispense. Towards the end, however, Captain Burnaby seems to have got somewhat tired of the continuous strain on his humorous faculties, and endeavours to become serious. But his sense of humour is too strong for him; and his gravity is far funnier than all his facetiousness. Thus, in reference to Colonel Wellesley's denial that the Russians committed the atrocities charged against them by the Turks, he says:—"It may be that our military attaché is ignorant of what took place during the Crimean War. He was a child in petticoats at the time." On reading this, the question arises with irresistible force whether the gallant Captain himself has been shortened yet? Altogether, we lay his book aside with a vivid recollection of *Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp* at Drury Lane, where, to the intense delight of the stage Turks in their turbans and caftans, Harlequin and Pantaloon bandy the stage baby about from one to another. However, Christmas is rapidly approaching, and this sort of literature is sufficiently appropriate to the character of the festive season. But why the Russians should have objected to Captain Burnaby's presence at Khiva remains an inscrutable mystery.

#### KANITZ'S BULGARIA.

*Donau-Bulgarien und der Balkan.* Von F. Kanitz. Leipzig: H. Fries. London: Williams and Norgate.

[Second Notice.]

The testimony furnished by nine travellers out of ten in favour of the personal qualities of the Turks is too unanimous not to deserve more consideration than party purposes allow, or such bitter enemies of the Turks as Mr. Freeman and Mr. Farley are disposed to concede.

It would be superfluous here to point out what very excellent traits there are in the Turkish character, or, to speak more accurately, in the Osmanli character, whilst fully acknowledging the absence of those features—literary, artistic, and economic—which distinguish the Western races. It may be conceded that, of all the European arts and sciences, the Turk is no adept, except in military matters; and it may also be acknowledged—few impartial people will deny it—that his *raison d'être* lies essentially in his military power. Considering that to a very great degree France, Germany, Austria, and Russia base their political power upon the same elements, it is not fair to reproach the Turk with subordinating everything else to military exigencies any more than other nations. They won their position by military power, they hold it still by military power. So did and so does Germany; and the very fact that the abuses prevalent in Turkey do not exist in Germany, furnishes the proof that a healthy administration is not incompatible with purely military power. The same may be said of British rule in India, or the Cape. The administration, however, is hopelessly corrupt in Turkey. To change it and reform it is a task which requires a clear knowledge of the causes of the corruption. It is seldom that these causes are ever exposed; and when they are, they pass unheeded. The friends of Turkey—*i.e.*, those who call themselves the friends—will silence the truth-speakers to death, and the enemies do not want the causes known for palpable reasons. The simple truth is that the Turks are just in the same position the British would be in at the Cape, or in India, if they had handed over all the subordinate offices to Hindoos, Parsees, and Hottentots, and only reserved the emolumentary offices for themselves, with the army to enforce the commands and laws left to natives to carry out, who had no real interest either in the soil or the welfare of the country. Such is exactly the situation of the Greeks of the Fanar, of the Armenians of Fyndykly, and the Jews of Galata and Pera. They retain the command of the army; but they are commanded by the wire-pullers, who work them to their own advantage. This fact should be incessantly insisted on in any endeavour to solve the difficult question that centres in Constantinople. It is the root of the whole evil, and endeavouring to get rid of it simply by cutting off a branch can never result in any permanent relief. The obvious remark—repeated time after time till it becomes tiresome—that the Turks, being, nominally at any rate, the governors of the country, must be held responsible for the acts of their servants, is quite beside the question, for it is perfectly well known that their nominal servants are their real masters. To abolish the Turks only as the governors of Turkey, would be just the same as turning a man out of his house because he had a patient suffering from the small-pox under his roof who threatened to infect the whole neighbourhood. If the masters are to go, the servants must go with them; and in this case it is quite immaterial which is the servant and which is the master. But simple as this procedure may seem it is quite the reverse in reality. It stands to reason that a military power, like that of the Osmanli, would not have given themselves up to their servants had they been able to avoid it. But they could not. An Asiatic people, ignorant of the habits, customs, modes of thought, and languages of the comity of Western nations, into whose ranks they had thrust themselves, they were obliged to fall back upon the natives of the country to conduct their business with other nations and their rulers, and even the administration of their newly-acquired conquests. Above all, it was their ignorance of foreign languages, and of the language of a vast portion of their subjects, that was and is the great stumbling-block. Incapable of amalgamating with the majority of their subjects, like, for instance, the Normans with the Saxons, they were equally incapable of disseminating their own tongue even amongst those who adopted their faith, and became more Mahometan than the most fanatic-born Mussulman. An immense gulf thus se-

parated the ruler from the ruled, and the Stamboul Court from those of Western Europe. This gulf was bridged over by the descendants of the Byzantians, and they—Greeks, Armenians, and Jews—rapidly acquired that power and instituted that organisation of corruption and all the vices that is known as the Sublime Porte. The strength of the Turk thus lies in the fact that he is sitting between two stools—between Slav and Greek. Both parties contended for his favour, and strove to acquire the ascendancy over him. In the struggle that ensued, Byzantianism gained the day over Slavism, and identified itself with the military caste in order to keep a firm hold on the whole country. Clearly, then, if peace is to be restored to the Balkan peninsula, the question must be resolved into its true elements, and the fact be boldly faced, that the two great factors opposing each other are Byzantianism and Slavism. The rest is but incidental. The Turk at Stamboul, and the Greek at Athens, are but corollaries. Abolishing the Turk and replacing him by the Athenian would leave matters exactly where they are now, if Byzantianism were not abolished with him. The great difficulty in solving this question is where to find the necessary administrative powers outside the ranks of Byzantianism, and to draw the limits separating Greek from Slav; and how to deal with Constantinople.

Now, Herr Kanitz's chapters on the connexion between Bulgaria and Byzantianism, or the Fanar, allows of but one opinion on the subject. He insists on the independence of Bulgaria, in the widest sense of the word, as the first step to a happier state of things. He commences with a short but graphic description of the events which, after alternating successes, at last laid the Bulgarians prostrate under the Emperor Basilius Bulgaroctonus—"The Slayer of the Bulgarians." Henceforth, till the Mussulman invasion, and with the exception of the short rule of the Latin Empire at Constantinople, the Bulgarians were politically and ecclesiastically subject to the Greeks of the Empire. And when the Ottoman forces overran the country, after a short inglorious struggle, which has been invested by poets and romancists with a certain nimbus, the Byzantians espoused the cause of the invader, and retained the power they possessed over the Bulgarians, who now had in reality two masters to support—the Sultan in all his luxury, and the Fanar in its greed. This is what Herr Kanitz says of the Fanar:—"The ecclesiastical traffickers who haggled and bargained for the episcopal posts in Bulgaria, proceeded from the 'Fanar' (fenayer), the Greek quarter of Constantinople in which the rotten remains of Byzantine corruption blended with Turkish and Asiatic elements. The bishoprics of Bulgaria were awarded to the highest bidder, and not according to the intelligence, piety, or personal qualities requisite in an ecclesiastical ruler." Such was the community at whose mercy the Bulgarians lay, not only ecclesiastically but also fiscally, and who, after satisfying their own greed, screwed down the unhappy peasantry to the last turn to meet the demands of the Porte. But, as Herr Kanitz continues, "even the greatest wealth has its limits. Such was also the experience of the descendants of the Prophet; for the luxury of the Sultans and the Pashas soon swallowed up the tribute and the accumulated riches of the country. In such frequent moments of financial exhaustion the Sultans sought help from that quarter of Constantinople in whose filth the loathsome remains of Byzance's former pride had found a refuge. In the Fanar they were always able to count, not only upon the rich treasures of commerce, but also upon the enormous wealth sucked by the Greek patriarchs out of the marrow of their flocks; in the Fanar the most usurious traffic in ecclesiastical benefices was established, and the treasurers of the Porte can scarcely be blamed if, in their moments of necessity, they derived a profit out of the depravity of the Fanariote benefice-monger. In the first year of the Mussulman conquest, the price paid for the patriarchate, by Simeon, was 1,000 ducats. In the second year it was doubled; and in 1573 it had risen to 6,000; and by 1864 to 25,000." But an

equal sum almost had to be paid away in bribery, in order to get this bid accepted, so many were the applications even at such a price, which restricted the competition to a few of the richest Fanariote families, who regarded the matter simply as a business affair and a speculation, to carry out which the necessary sums were borrowed from members of the family and money-lenders at usurious interest. The profit had been derived from the sale of the bishoprics, which brought in, on an average, about 4,000 ducats a-year. The bishops, on their part, sold the various cures in their dioceses to the popes, some of the richest of whom would sometimes buy twenty or thirty and resell them again at a profit. These popes, without education, ground down by the price they had to pay for their cures, were capable of performing nothing more than the barest ceremonies of the church. Marriages, christenings, and deaths were frequently registered on a stick with the time-honoured notches, instead of in a book. The rest of their time was fully occupied in following the plough and feeding their pigs. All this led to a state of affairs which even the Turkish authorities considered too disgraceful to last, and they insisted that the Christian as well as the Mussulman communities must pay more attention to education, and erect the necessary schools. A beginning was made, but all progress was prevented by the Fanar. "What do you want with schools," asked the Archbishop of Nisch; "do you want your children to become unbelieving heretics? better by far devote the money to the building of churches. Great roomy temples to the honour of God are the best schools." Thus, instead of schools, great rambling churches were built, and the prices of the sinecures proportionately raised. Herr Kanitz relates how the new church at Nisch swallowed up all the funds of the community, and that when the new Archbishop from the Fanar opened the church, it was found that he could not speak a word of Bulgarian; and when he received the notables of the congregation, he reprimanded them in Greek and Turkish for the address they intended sending to the Grand Vizier. "Not with complaints," he said, "but with thanksgivings for the unmerited benefits of Turkish rule, the rayah ought to approach the representative of the Sultan." This astounding piece of advice was heard by Herr Kanitz himself, and is in itself sufficient to characterise the system under which Bulgaria suffered for so long, till, owing in a great measure to the exertions of Hilarion, Paisija, and Asentije, Bulgaria was freed from the yoke of the Fanariote vampyre, and a commencement made to inaugurate a fresh epoch of struggling for independence and national life, of which the present war may be regarded as the first step. But of this movement Herr Kanitz gives no account in the two first volumes of his work, reserving it for the third. This must be disappointing to many readers, who are naturally annoyed to find him breaking off just at the most interesting point, and keeping back the *dénouement* to the last, as in an orthodox three-volume novel. Another fault that deserves grave reproof in such a work is the absence of an index, which makes itself all the more felt as the various subjects Herr Kanitz treats do not follow in sequence, but are scattered about here and there throughout the book, and are connected with the localities as Herr Kanitz visited them. This was, perhaps, unavoidable if the book had to be published quickly, so as to supply the want felt for a truly classical work on Bulgaria; but it is none the less annoying to readers who have not the time or opportunity to refer to the other authorities on Bulgaria, or to official documents and essays, for the continuation which Herr Kanitz promises in his third volume. His work is, however, so excellent that it is surprising no translation has as yet appeared; and so voluminous, so exhaustive is it that it is impossible to do justice to it in a short review. The best service that can be rendered to the author and the public is to recommend it for exhaustive study, and to direct attention once more to the fact that it is essentially the Byzantine clique of the Fanar who are chiefly responsible for the corruption of the Porte. If when speaking of the expulsion of the

Ottoman Government from Europe, Mr. Gladstone had the Fanar in his mind when he used the memorable phrase "bag and baggage," every reader of Herr Kanitz's work will fully agree with him. They are undoubtedly the *impedimenta* which would weigh down even the best-intentioned Government, and drag it down inevitably into the slough of corruption if they had but one single finger in the administration.

#### DANISH GREENLAND.

*Danish Greenland: its People and its Products.* By Dr. Henry Rink. Edited by Dr. Robert Brown. With Illustrations and a Map. London: H. S. King and Co.

The author of this volume speaks with authority, and not as a tourist. A great part of his life has been spent in the country he describes; he is at present Director of the Royal Greenland Board of Trade, and for some years he was inspector of South Greenland. Last, but not least, he has already proved himself to possess special literary as well as practical ability by editing a volume of 'Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo,' which was received by the comparative mythologists of Europe as a valuable addition to scientific knowledge. During the sixteen winters and twenty-two summers which Dr. Rink has spent in the inhospitable Arctic country with which he is connected, he has collected an immense mass of miscellaneous information, and his book is distinguished from those volumes of travels with which we are made weekly familiar, by the compression of an overstock of materials instead of a careful husbanding of a few observations and details.

Greenland has been more or less dimly known to the geographers of Europe for about 900 years. There are scattered up and down the country a number of ruins, which are believed to date from the period of Icelandic prosperity, and to be the deserted dwellings of very early Norse colonists. An Icelander, by name Erik Rauthi, a murderous outlaw, seems to have been the first settler, and we owe the name "Greenland" to his perfidy, for he is recorded to have said that "people would sooner be induced to go thither in case it had a good name." The ingenious bait was swallowed, and twenty-five ships set out with emigrants, who made the best of a bad bargain, and formed two colonies in the south of the peninsula. This seems to have occurred in the year 986. Erik himself had the sagacity to select for his own house a grass-covered plain, which Dr. Rink confesses to be still the least discouraging site for a settler in the whole of Greenland. A follower of Erik's, a certain Bjorni Herjulfson, is believed to have pushed on still further across the Atlantic, and to have discovered Massachusetts. For a very interesting sketch of this pre-Columbian discovery of America, we must refer our readers to Dr. Rink's pages. The colonists in Greenland appear to have flourished and spread for at least a century, and they kept up constant communication with Iceland and Norway. Christianity was introduced among them, however, with much the same disastrous effect that we know it produced upon the more elaborate civilisation of Iceland. In 1126 the Pope decided to give the Greenlanders a bishop, and a certain Arnold arrived with episcopal honours. His church and monastery are still to be discovered, on the coast of Einarsfjord, opposite the ruins of Brattelid, the chief town of old Greenland. It is a very curious fact that Greenland governed itself by Republican institutions, modelled on those of the Commonwealth of Iceland, until 1261, when the priests induced the Greenlanders to barter their freedom with the protection of Hakon, King of Norway. It is very singular to reflect that in the thirteenth century, when Europe was in the darkest hour of feudal tyranny, the tradition of a free Republic was kept up in a remote strip of barren coast under the Arctic Circle. From the moment of annexation to Norway, the colonies in Greenland began to decay. In 1347 the settlements in Nova Scotia or Markland were abandoned; Greenland had learned, instead of relying

on its own resources, to depend upon Norway for its supplies, and when in 1349 the Black Death broke out in the latter country, the far-off dependency was entirely neglected. Impoverished and weakened, in all probability, by the increasing severity of the climate, one of the colonies was unable to resist the murderous attacks of the Eskimos, and was exterminated in 1379. About the year 1410 the Greenlanders were attacked by a fleet of invaders, who carried off many of them into captivity; these, it is conjectured, were English freebooters. In 1448 the Pope, by a special bull, endeavoured to stir up Norway to a sense of her duty to her suffering dependency, and very soon after this it is believed that the European inhabitants entirely perished at the hands of the natives, after a residence of nearly 400 years. For a century Greenland disappears from history, to emerge in 1585, rediscovered by the English explorer John Davis.

In 1579 Scandinavia woke up to the importance of its forgotten children, and the King of Denmark, not knowing that the last of them had lain for a century dead, sent an expedition to their succour. One ship after another visited the desolate coast, and brought back curiosities for the Copenhagen market—among the rest, specimens of silver ore, which mightily stirred the cupidity of the Danes. However, it was not until 1721 that an heroic pastor from the north of Norway, stirred with the true missionary spirit, determined to settle in Greenland, and to spread the Gospel among the Eskimos. Hans Egede, one of the most unselfish and the most courageous apostles which have ever adorned Christianity, landed with his wife and children at the mouth of the Godthaabsfjord on July 3, 1721, and with this date the history of modern Greenland begins. The newcomers had to endure physical hardships of the most appalling kind, and the still more terrible hardships of discouragement and baffled endeavour. At last, however, in 1728, Egede's representations induced the Danish Government to send a colonising expedition, and to take Greenland under its immediate protection. The "town" or hamlet of Godthaab was founded, and, in spite of infinite delays and misfortunes, the Danish colonies finally contrived to hold their place on the inhospitable coast.

It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that Dr. Rink confines himself to a sketch of the history of Greenland. He enters minutely into the configuration and general physical features of the country. His accounts of the interior, so far as it can be explored, and of the Inland Ice, as it is called, present features of considerable novelty. It is not, perhaps, generally realised that what we understand by Greenland, as a country inhabited or inhabitable, is in fact only a narrow rim contained between the sea and the eternal ice, the glaciers of which, falling here and there into the fjords, break up communication between settlement and settlement as effectually as if these were all built on separate islands. Of the climate Dr. Rink does not give a wholly deplorable idea. It is occasionally temperate and even hot in summer and autumn, but extremely changeable; the neighbourhood of the eternal ice rendering the residents liable in the warmest and sunniest weather to sudden icy fogs, which are very distressing. The weather is considered particularly warm if the thermometer reaches 60° in South Greenland, while in the extreme north 52° in summer is felt to be an oppressive and abnormal heat. Yet at Upernavik, in the most elevated latitude of inhabited dwellings, a temperature of no less than 59° has once been noted. One of the most unaccountable features of the climate is a warm land-wind which blows violently from the ice-bound interior, and follows the direction of the fjords.

For the general reader the most entertaining portion of Dr. Rink's volume is that in which he transcribes from *The Greenland Journal*, a paper edited by natives, in their own language, a selection of articles written by Greenlandish hunters and fishermen. These papers, composed in a very artless style, describe their adventures by land and sea. We have rarely read any account of

savage life so graphic as the story here given by a native, who, in 1866, passed the hunting season up the country, near Holsteinborg, with no other company than that of his wife. An account of the dangers of a group of ice-bound kayakers, and the adventures of some bear-hunters, written entirely without parade or self-consciousness, are in the highest degree romantic and thrilling. A double interest is given to these stories by the fact that they are illustrated by an untaught Greenland artist, himself a hunter. Dr. Rink's volume is profusely adorned by these singular cuts, engraved directly from the drawings of this man, and although they are in many respects rude and grotesque, they clearly prove the draughtsman to possess an innate instinct for design. The drawing of waves, and the general impression of a winter sea, given in some of the plates, such as those representing the harpooning of walruses, and the extremely spirited "A kayaker rescuing his friend," would do no disgrace to a practised European marine painter.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

*The Huguenots in England and Ireland.* New and Revised Edition. By Samuel Smiles. (John Murray.)—The history of the whole Huguenot movement is undoubtedly one of the most important in all French history; but Mr. Smiles, though an able and interesting writer, is hardly qualified to be its historian. For one thing, he regards his subject from a far too one-sided point of view. There is little gradation of light and shade in his method of treating the question; he belongs to the class of writers who regard all historical personages as roughly divisible into two simple classes, the wholly good and the irredeemably bad people. For the fiend-in-human-shape method of treating history we have little or no sympathy; nor can we be easily got to believe that any great political question, at any period of the world's growth, can be resolved into two sides, on one of which are enrolled all virtues, to be combated by the other, which is merely wicked. Without entering into the question whether the Reformation was, as some writers hold, a distinctly harmful movement or not, without considering the probability that the Huguenots would have, had it lain in their power, slaughtered the Catholics, it is well to remember that the Huguenot party did not embrace all perfection, nor the various parties of Court and League stand wholly meritless. Good men are often found on bad sides, and bad sometimes on good. Certainly it is not among writers of the time on either side that strict impartiality is to be looked for, although even the courtly Brantome condemns "ce vilain massacre." That a good case can be made out even for Catherine de Medici is evidenced by Balzac's study of her in the 'Etudes Philosophiques.' Mr. Smiles's 'Huguenots in England and Ireland' is very one-sided, and there is a strong suspicion of book-making about it, but it is interesting and useful enough to render this new edition welcome. It contains, however, many faults. The massacre is dealt with at greater length than in the earlier edition, but still very incompletely, and somewhat incorrectly; for example, Tavannes is spoken of as Favannes both in text and index. The importance of Clement Marot is scarcely suggested, and the name of the great poet whose translations of the Psalms were so curiously successful, though it occurs in the text, is not to be found in the index. Indeed, the index is very imperfect, for the same holds true of La Noue, about whom, as well as about Maureval (or Montravel), the would-be assassin of Coligny, so much is to be found in Brantome's 'Vie des Hommes Illustres et Grands Capitaines.' A consultation of the 'Satire Menippée' and of the curious 'Mémoires de la Ligue,' published in 1598, might have added to the interest of much of Mr. Smiles's volume, which would have been greatly improved by quotations from original documents, &c. The list of Huguenot refugees and their descendants wants still further revision. The information given

under the name of Labouchere would lead to the supposition that the late Baron Taunton was alive, while no notice is taken of the present representative of the family.

*The Rhythmical Index to the English Language.* By J. Longmuir. (William Tegg and Co.)—This little volume is little more than a reprint of the rhythmical index published with Walker's 'Rhyming Dictionary,' though no statement accompanying it would lead those unaware of the fact to suppose so. Walker having made a success with his 'Pronouncing Dictionary,' turned his attention to a rhyming dictionary, but the result was by no means satisfactory. Just as there is no perfect book in English on poetic form, so the English language yet wants its perfect rhyming dictionary. Thus, for example, Walker takes no account of double rhymes, and though one or two may be chanced upon in the syllabic portion of the book, they are absolutely ignored in the index. This is the more to be regretted that the English tongue is by no means so rich in rhymes as to be able to afford to lose count of any. The double rhymes in English are not so numerous as to put any serious difficulty in the way of their computation, and it is greatly to be hoped that the next editor or author of a rhyming dictionary will take them into account. Another important question is raised by Walker's introduction of so many allowable rhymes sanctioned by the usage of distinguished poets. Théodore de Banville, the most remarkable of all the younger school of modern French for the perfection of his form, has written a delightful little volume on verse entitled 'Petit Traité de la Poésie Française,' in which he declares that no poetic licence may ever be permitted, and declares himself against the least suggestion of doubtful rhyming. M. de Banville is an admirable authority on the subject of verse, but he is not an infallible lawgiver, and here, where he has the testimony of all great poets against him ever since rhymes were, we may frankly consider him to be wrong in being so dogmatic in his denunciation of any deviation from the fixed laws of rhyme. Even if this rule held good in France—Victor Hugo, M. de Banville's master, occasionally offends against it—it would not do for England, where our rhymes are so comparatively few. Among the most prominent poets of to-day many instances might be adduced of rhyme-licence as remarkable as those scattered through Walker's pages; and when it is remembered that the word "love," a word always likely to be used by poets, has, in consequence of our incoherent pronunciation, hardly any perfect rhymes, it is little to be wondered at that to-day's poets, who are perpetually ringing the changes upon the word, should occasionally adopt very assonantic rhymes for it. In point of fact, assonance to some extent must always be permitted to the poetry of a language so pronounced as ours. Where no rules exist for the pronunciation of a tongue, and the fashion of it varies, if not from day to day, at least from generation to generation, no hard-and-fast rules of rhymes can exist, and the best to be hoped for is that the most obvious rules may be broken through as little as may well be.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. R. H. Hutton's paper in the *Fortnightly Review* is one of the best critical essays of that accomplished essayist. The subject was eminently suited to show him at his best. There was no red rag in it to excite the bitter theological unfairness, the lurking rancour, which is so often a disturbing element in Mr. Hutton's judgments of men and things. Although Mr. Bagehot was the friend of scientific men and "materialists," he was himself a transcendentalist; although he was devoted to political economy, he also took a keen, at one time an absorbing, interest in the problems of theology, and what Mr. Hutton calls "the less sharply defined sciences." Mr. Hutton and he were friends from early youth, and no difference of opinion ever arose between them of sufficient strength to shake their friendship. Mr. Hutton writes, therefore, in complete sympathy

with the man and loving admiration of his variously gifted nature; and draws a worthy picture of a personality which, though it made a distinct mark in literature, never attained as wide repute as has fallen to the lot of many writers of heavier intellect and poorer literary powers. "To those who hear of Bagehot," Mr. Hutton truly says, "only as an original political economist and a lucid political thinker, a curiously false image of him must be suggested." "While of course it has given me great pleasure, as it must have given pleasure to all Bagehot's friends, to hear the Chancellor of the Exchequer's evidently genuine tribute to his financial sagacity in the Budget speech, and Lord Granville's eloquent acknowledgments of the value of Bagehot's political counsels as editor of the *Economist*, in the speech delivered at the London University on May 9, I have sometimes felt somewhat unreasonably vexed that those who appreciated so well what I might almost call the smallest part of him, appeared to know so little of the essence of him,—of the high-spirited, buoyant, subtle, speculative nature in which the imaginative qualities were even more remarkable than the judgment, and were indeed at the root of all that was strongest in the judgment,—of the gay and dashing humour which was the life of every conversation in which he joined,—and of the visionary nature to which the commonest things often seemed the most marvellous, and the marvellous things the most intrinsically probable." Of these rare genial and less known qualities of his friend, Mr. Hutton gives an effective and convincing account partly by reminiscences of his bright ways when they were youths together, partly by choosing from Bagehot's published writings, as his private knowledge enables him to do, some vividly characteristic passages. We quite agree with Mr. Hutton that "the literary taste of England never made a greater blunder than when it passed by Bagehot's remarkable volume of essays"—"Estimates of some Englishmen and Scotchmen"—"almost without notice." It certainly is a very extraordinary fact that they should have been so passed over, for they contain much of the wayward brilliancy of Charles Lamb united with a more robust judgment. There may come a time when they will be disinterred and honoured in the high places of criticism, but they were born out of due season. Part of the explanation of their neglect is to be found, no doubt, in "the remarkable detachment of mind" of which Mr. Hutton speaks, the "comparative inaccessibility to the contagion of blind sympathy." "Most men," Mr. Hutton says, "more or less unconsciously, shrink from even *thinking* what they feel to be out of sympathy with the feelings of their neighbours, unless under some strong incentive to do so; and in this way the sources of much true and important criticism are dried up through the mere diffusion and ascendancy of conventional but sincere habits of social judgment." But Mr. Bagehot went beyond this negative insensibility to the contagion of sympathy, and beyond "a scorn for anything like the vain beating of the wings in the attempt to think clearly." He manifestly had a touch of repugnance to popular views, a scorn for confused thinking which betrayed him sometimes into ignoring what was sound and good in a movement in the exhilarating task of exposing what was bad. This Mephistophelian propensity coloured his choice of subjects as well as his treatment of them. He enjoyed too keenly the pleasure of intellectual scorn to observe due moderation in exercise of it. His jaunty defence of the *coup d'état*, to which Mr. Hutton alludes, is an instance of this. He only half meant what he said, but the delight of shocking the readers of the *Inquirer* offered a temptation which was irresistible. Like Charles Lamb, he revelled in the statement of half-truths, particularly in his young and "coltish" days, before much contact with grave business and grave people had broken him in to a more sober pace. Half-true paradoxes make good material for whimsical word-play, but are not a good basis for wide popularity in a country where enjoyment of the play of intellect is not an absorbing passion. They fail to interest plain sense, and they exasperate bigotry. Mr. Bagehot's liking for paradox

appeared only as a "survival" in his later works, but there was to the last a sufficient spice of it to prevent him from seizing and holding the attention of the mass, even of "educated" Englishmen.

An instructive parallel might be drawn between Mr. Bagehot and George Saville, first Marquis of Halifax, the "Trimmer," one of the wittiest writers of the Restoration period. There are many points of resemblance between them. Mr. Hutton makes mention of the many debates he had with his friend on the subject of Compromise, or, as Halifax called it, "trimming." A writer in *Macmillan's*, the Hon. Hugh Elliot, gives an account of a manuscript recently discovered among the books of the late Lord Dunfermline, which he brings good reasons for believing to be the long-lost diary which Halifax is said to have kept. Halifax is said to have kept a diary from which he compiled a journal, and the manuscript now discovered, with remarks about various personages prominent at the Court of James II. and William III., has the appearance of being a compilation from a diary. It cannot be called a diary, because the entries are not made chronologically, but alphabetically under the names of the persons to whom they refer. It is impossible to pronounce upon either the authenticity or the value of the MS. without a careful examination and comparison with the personal history of the time, but Mr. Elliot has made out a good *prima facie* case for the importance of the document.

The "Conversations" of the late Mr. Nassau Senior with M. Thiers, published in the *Fortnightly Review*, have the advantage or disadvantage of having been taken down with full knowledge on the part of the more illustrious of the talkers that they were to be published. They are not strictly conversations, but records of the career and the opinions of M. Thiers, dictated by him to Mr. Senior, on his finding that they were not so well known in England as he could have wished. It was in the spring of 1852, after M. Thiers' banishment by the Man of December, that he was a frequent visitor at Mr. Senior's house, and, "astonished and disgusted with the ignorance of the English in general, and Mr. Senior in particular, of his political history, offered to give a short sketch of his career," and did so in a series of interviews, of which Mr. Senior from day to day preserved a report. The report has been kept in MS. till its information has been to a considerable extent forestalled, but it is still an important document, and the portion given in the *Fortnightly*, with promise of continuation, is very interesting reading. We have no doubt that M. Thiers would not have in the least objected to seeing the conversations made public at the time. He was then a firm advocate of Constitutional Monarchy, and it is curious to note the part which he had chalked out for himself under such a form of government. A great part he accepted for himself as a natural and unquestionable thing, with that composed conviction which robs conceit of offensiveness by making it almost cease to be a personal matter, not to mention that the patriotic and unselfish turn of his ambition converted what might otherwise have been called conceit into an amiable foible. M. Thiers' ambition was very different from that of an unscrupulous self-seeker. He did not desire the worry and responsibilities of the Prime Minister of a Constitutional monarch; his idea rather was that he should stand by in the name of France ready to use his power in checking blunders and promoting beneficent schemes.

"You are rather a Fusionist than an Orleanist," [said Mr. Nassau Senior].

"I do not call myself," he answered, "an Orleanist. I love the charming woman at Esher, and I love her children—but the Orleans family have no claim on me. They have always persecuted me, and I have always opposed them. By birth I belong to the people. My family were humble merchants in Marseilles; they had a small trade in cloth with the Levant, which was ruined by the Revolution. By education I am a Bonapartist; I was born when Napoleon was at the summit of his glory. By tastes and habits and associations I am an aristocrat. I have no sympathy with the bourgeoisie, or with any system under which they are to rule. Nor am I precisely a Fusionist, for the Fusionists do not require the adoption of the Comte de Paris. They trust to the chance of Henri V. having no children. I do not. I trust to nothing in France."

"But," I said, "If Henry V. were to adopt the Comte de Paris, and afterwards to have a son, would not that son be a pretender?"

"No," he answered; "we have introduced into our legislation the Roman law of adoption in its full force. An adopted son is for all purposes whatever a real son. If the Comte de Paris were adopted by Henri V., and if that adoption were sanctioned by the legislature, no son of Henri V. could disturb it, or, in fact, would attempt to disturb it."

"So little," he continued, "am I Orleanist, that if Louis Napoleon, after his *coup d'état*, had founded a real constitution, with an hereditary peerage and a House of Commons fairly chosen, and had handed over to it the government of the country, reserving to himself only the high place of a constitutional king, I should joyfully have adhered to him. I should have pardoned the means in my approbation of the end. And so would nine-tenths of France; not merely the nine-tenths of the peasantry and of the rabble who have voted for him now, but nine-tenths of all that is enlightened, as well as of all that is proletaire. He might have had Guizot and me for his ministers, or more probably Guizot alone, for I should have preferred standing apart, as the friend of the administration, like Sir Robert Peel; and there would have been such a parliamentary majority as has not been seen since the first days of Louis XVIII."

"And would this dynasty," I said, "have lasted?"

"I see no reason," answered Thiers, "why it might not have lasted for centuries. Constitutional monarchy is the form that suits us best. We are unfit for a republic, we cannot breathe under a despotism. What we want is a king who will fill the first place, and leave us to manage our own affairs. In a short time Louis Napoleon would have been no longer looked on as a usurper—the *coup d'état* would have been regarded as a sort of restoration. The glories of his uncle would have given him a legitimacy which would have effaced that of Henri V."

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has found a powerful champion in Mr. Sidney Colvin, who contributes an article on "Restoration and Anti-Restoration" to the *Nineteenth Century*. After an admirable history of the doings of restorers since the process became active, Mr. Colvin lays down as follows the principles of his objections to Restoration, which he afterwards proceeds to substantiate in detail:—

Three of the principal facts about architecture and the study of architecture are these:—

A building is a work of art, but not, like a picture or statue, a work of art necessarily completed at one time and for good. Rather, and this is especially true of a Gothic building, it is like a living organism, naturally subject, in the course of its development, to successive adaptations and modifications of structure; the modifying forces in its case being the needs, ideals, preferences, of successive generations of builders, who add or alter as they please within the limits dictated by the purposes of the structure itself. An architectural organism may have had a rich and significant life, and may exhibit the action of many such modifying forces; or an uniform and uneventful life, and may exhibit the action of few. But the more clearly and continuously any building bears the marks of such forces, many or few, as have affected it, the greater is its historic value and interest. In other words, an ancient building is at once a work of art and a monument of history, and the one character is as essential to it as the other.

Next, over and above the witness of history borne in these adaptations and modifications of its structure, there are other ways in which age adds value to a building—there is a twofold charm which the mere lapse of time bestows on its particular parts and surfaces. To the face of stone and brick and plaster and timber, to every inch of the handiwork of builder, mason, carver, and stainer, age brings a bloom, a colour, brings softness, mellowness, variety, and if it brings decay, brings with the decay picturesqueness, and a pathetic indication of what has perished. Thus old work in a building possesses, in the material qualities of beauty, a charm which cannot be possessed by any new work put in its place. Again, every inch of old workmanship speaks to the mind directly, intimately, of the buried generations that wrought it, of all the storms it has weathered and all the vicissitudes it has survived—things of which new workmanship cannot possibly have anything to tell us; and therefore, still more than in material charm, old workmanship excels new in the intellectual charm of sentiment, association, or solemnity. It is this twofold charm which is described in the word *venerable*; and when we praise a building with this word, we imply, first, that old workmanship in architecture is more beautiful than new; and second, that it is more interesting, and suggests more solemn thoughts.

That these are cardinal facts in the nature of architecture, no one probably will in terms deny; and if anyone reads them with impatience, it will be with the impatience due not to errors but to platitudes. But my contention is that, though these truths are so true as to have become flat in the telling, yet in the act and in the very idea of restoration they are habitually ignored.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's article on Massinger in the *Cornhill* ("Hours in a Library, No. XVI.") is not quite up to the standard of the series. It approaches, in fact, perilously near to the level of "padding," being little more than a repetition of the commonplaces of other critics, without any close insight into the vital qualities of Massinger as a dramatist. The scheme of the essay

is to consider whether all the later dramas of the Elizabethan school are to be cast aside "as simply products of corruption," which is not a very fertile way of approaching the subject. Mr. Stephen, though he does not give high praise to Massinger, cannot bring himself to answer this question in the affirmative, and it would have been to the advantage of his criticism if he had settled the question in his own mind before beginning to write about Massinger. Apparently it has been suggested to him by the observation that "much that has been praised in the old drama is rubbish, and some of it disgusting rubbish." He does not appear to have decided at the beginning of the paper whether he is to consider Massinger from a moral or from a literary point of view, and Massinger stands in the middle of two currents of decadence, due to entirely different causes, and so not profitable for being considered together without confusion. Do Massinger's plays show a decline from the high moral standard of the Elizabethan literature, strictly so called? Do they show a decline from the splendid creative energy of the earlier drama? These two problems seem to be involved in the question which Mr. Stephen has set himself to solve, and he mixes the two up in a halting and confused fashion, seldom found in his vigorous writing. He is much more thorough and satisfactory in dealing with the first question than the second. In regard to the second, he starts from a wrong point. He takes for granted the very shallow half-truth that in the English drama Character takes the place of Fate, and settles Massinger's claims to high rank among the dramatists by discussing his characters. If he had said that the fact that Character takes the place of Fate, which may be said with a loose approach to the truth in Massinger's plays, is a sign of dramatic decadence to a lower level, he would have been nearer the mark. The dramas of Shakespeare and Marlowe have a much grander scope than either the Greek drama or the later Elizabethan drama, because, while they exalt the power of individual character, they yet recognise the supremacy of circumstance, of Time with its "millioned accidents."

*Fraser's* contains a brief memoir of the late Mr. William Longman, publisher and author, a man of very varied tastes, who would have attained distinction in several fields, if his achievements had not been eclipsed by the reputation of the firm in which he was an active partner. The memoir is written by Mr. Henry Reeve.

There are two very readable articles in *Temple Bar*, a sketch of Mrs. Jordan and an essay on the influence of Clubs, and an article, "A Lodging for the Night," which is not only readable, but gives evidence of very remarkable power. This last is an imaginary episode in the life of Francis Villon, the French poet, whose life was recently told in the *Cornhill* apparently by the same hand.

The chief interest of the present number of the *Contemporary Review* lies in the Essays and Notices at the end, most of which are very well written. The series of which the attack on the Journals of Society professed to be the first, is not continued. In a laudatory notice of Mr. Robert Buchanan's poem, "Balder the Beautiful," a lament is made that the 'Shadow of the Sword,' a novel written by Mr. Buchanan, should not have met with greater success, and it is said that "this fine prose romance would, thirty years ago, have made a splendid reputation." People were much more tolerant of bombastic unreality then. Mr. Swinburne's "Note on Charlotte Brontë" is favourably noticed, and the poet is reminded that "he is still very young, and has evidently no notion of the errors of judgment, especially in matters of degree, which are inseparable from the heat of youth." We wonder who the patriarch can be who speaks of a man of forty as "still very young." He must be entitled to speak of Victor Hugo as a mere boy, or to deplore the premature removal of M. Thiers in the flower of his youth.



## MUSIC.

THERESA TITIENS.

The death of this great artist took place at her residence in St. John's Wood on Wednesday morning at two o'clock. For the last few months she had been suffering severely, and ultimately it was known that no hope was left of her recovering from the terrible disease to which she has now fallen a victim. But no amount of physical pain was able to break Mlle. Titiens' firm determination to devote her last efforts to her art. At the beginning of the past season, when, with apparently undiminished power, she sang at Her Majesty's Theatre, it was known to her friends, and probably to herself, that any moment might be her last. But she was resolved to die rather than disappoint the public, her faithful abiding by engagements once undertaken having been a remarkable feature of her artistic career. From the caprice of most great singers and actresses, she was entirely free. She loved her art too much to trifle with it.

The loss the lyrical stage suffers by the death of Mlle. Titiens is all but irreparable. In her not only a great individuality but actually a type of reproductive art is extinguished. Amongst the singers that have risen to fame of late years, none have succeeded in, and few have even attempted, the grandly heroic style of acting and singing in which Mlle. Titiens excelled. Mme. Materna alone bids fair to become a worthy successor of the great departed artist, and she has never appeared on the Italian stage as yet. Another characteristic of Mlle. Titiens' art was the studious care with which she entered into the psychological details of her parts. This enabled her to bring to light points which had been neglected by other singers, and thus to new-create and make prominent characters previously called second-rate or "ungrateful." A remarkable instance of that kind occurred at the production of Wagner's *Lohengrin* at Drury Lane two years ago. Ortruda, the female villain of that opera, is not generally considered with favourable eyes either by artists or the public, and we confess ourselves that the dramatic significance of the part had in large measure escaped us till we saw it acted by Mlle. Titiens. Writing at the time, we said (*Examiner*, June 19, 1875), "Ortruda is a most difficult, and, in the ordinary sense, ungrateful part. But Mlle. Titiens has thoroughly entered into the spirit of the composer's creation. The grand sides of the character, indomitable pride and relentless hatred, were insisted upon in a manner at once bold and thoroughly artistic. Ortruda's wild, revengeful invocation of the gods, followed immediately by piqued submission to the unsuspecting Elsa, was a masterpiece of dramatic art." Of the more prominent parts in Mlle. Titiens' repertoire—of her *Fidelio*, her *Norma*, her *Lucrezia Borgia*—there is no need to speak. They live in the memory of many friends of art. As a singer of oratorio and concert music she also earned deserved praise.

The deceased artist was born in 1834, at Hamburg, where she appeared for the first time on the stage as *Lucrezia Borgia*, in her sixteenth year. In 1858 she sang for the first time in England, where she has resided ever since, barring occasional artistic tours to the Continent and to America, which latter country she visited two years ago.

## D R A M A.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—"AN UNEQUAL MATCH."

The title of this piece is suggested in more ways than one by its representation at the Prince of Wales's. There is an unequal match, not merely between the baronet and the blacksmith's daughter, but between the materials of the play and the capacities of the actors. It would be difficult to bring together a stronger company than Mrs. Bancroft has secured. Even if we had a national theatre, apart from special suitabilities to

particular parts, we could hardly hope to muster a stronger corps of comedians. Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Flockton, Mr. W. Younge, Mr. Deane, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, Miss Latton, Miss Kate Phillips, Miss Hertz—these names by no means exhaust the list of our comedy talent, but there are very few comedies in the language to which they would not do as ample justice as any company that could be selected if we had the pick of the profession. And yet the performance of *An Unequal Match* is a failure, if we may judge by the general verdict of those who were present at its first production. Hundreds of people went in expectation of a neat theatrical repast, light and choice, of Attic taste, and came away disappointed and dull. The fault did not lie with the actors, but with the piece. We must not speak slightly of a play which has held the stage for twenty years with undiminished popularity, but it is clearly not suited to Mrs. Bancroft's company of comedians. It can be called a comedy only out of respect for its three acts. It is really a remarkably brisk farce, with farcical incidents, farcical personages, a rapid succession of people bustling in and bustling out by various ways of exit and entrance, and making us merry by slapping each other on the back, poking each other in the ribs, squaring, dropping their *hs*, and other feats of wit and humour. This is very well in its way. There is no law against enjoying a farce, except the law of probability, and that can be temporarily suspended without any danger to society. But farce is not what we expect when such a company as that at the Prince of Wales's undertakes to produce a comedy. Mrs. Bancroft's voice would be sweet and tunable in any dialect, but we do not like to hear its exquisitely significant modulations marred by an imperfectly successful effort to adopt a provincial accent. Mr. Bancroft might be better employed than in careful exertions to drop the *hs*, and assume the airs of a stage James Yellowplush. Mr. Arthur Cecil's fine talent is thrown away upon a Yorkshire Bob Sawyer. He struggles manfully with the difficulties of the part, he turns all his *us* into *oos*, and hardens his voice till it is as hard as the heart of Pharaoh, but the result is an intonation not in the least like Yorkshire, or, indeed, any other intonation used by articulate-speaking men.

There were some imperfections in the representation of Saturday last which may be expected to disappear when the members of the company have fairly settled down into acting together. They are perhaps too strong individually to present a harmonious whole without longer practice than a weaker company would require. There was a certain slowness in the first performance which seemed to be caused by a courteous reluctance on the part of the actors to hurry one another with their telling points. Then, too, the stubborn individuality in the British character does not submit easily to the discipline necessary to produce unity of effect. There was a tendency just perceptible, in some of the performers on Saturday night, to throw their parts out of harmonious perspective, a tendency encouraged by the polite deference of which we have spoken. That of course will disappear shortly, if it has not already disappeared, for not even at the Théâtre Français is greater care taken to produce perfectly balanced acting than at the Prince of Wales's. But we doubt whether any excellence on the part of the company, or any care on the part of the management, will succeed in making *An Unequal Match* an altogether satisfactory performance to lovers of the higher comedy. Why does not Mr. Taylor write a new comedy for them, something which he would feel justified in claiming as a comedy?

Mr. Alexander Robertson, author of a book on 'The Laws of Thought,' and who, under his territorial designation of "Dundonnachie," achieved fame a few years ago by breaking down a gate on the estate of the Duke of Atholl, is now engaged on a series of lectures in the East End of London.

## VARIORUM NOTES.

The war in Bulgaria has had one very curious effect, which will greatly interest naturalists. The swallows which left Raab and some other places more than two weeks ago, have come back in a state of great excitement, and retaken possession of their old nests with much clamorous indignation. It is generally supposed that they have been frightened back by the noise of the artillery.

The Earl of Shaftesbury has just been making, in a speech addressed to a Young Men's Christian Association in Glasgow, some curious revelations of an autobiographical character. "In early life," he said, "I was passionately devoted to science, so much so that I was almost disposed to pursue science to the exclusion of everything else. It passed away, and I betook myself to literature, hoping that I should not only equal but rival many in mental accomplishments. Other things were before me, and other things passed away, because, do what I would, I was called to another career. And now I find myself, at the end of a long life, not a philosopher, nor an author, but simply an old man who has endeavoured to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him." But for certain circumstances, Lord Shaftesbury might have delivered Professor Tyndall's late address at Birmingham, or even have written 'Ecce Homo,' which he once described as in effect the worst book ever "belched from the mouth of Hell." In that case where would the world, Exeter Hall, Evangelical religion, and Christian young men all over the world, have been?

Another of the "Northern lights" has been extinguished in the person of Mrs. Stirling, of Edinburgh. Born in 1799, she was, consequently, of ripe age when she died. The wife of a civil engineer, who had distinguished himself to some extent as an inventor, she was a delineator of Scotch character in fiction, and may be said to have been the successor of the late Miss Ferrier; she was, however, best known for her social power. She was a kind of Scotch Lady Holland, and under her roof people so dissimilar as George Combe and Sydney Dobell, Alexander Smith and Alexander Russel made jokes, talked mild science and still milder heresy, and so spent innumerable pleasant evenings. She herself seems to have been a shrewd, amiable woman, loving fun, hating humbug, and wishing people generally to be happy in a quiet way.

In a recent *feuilleton* of a novel by Xavier de Montepin, running through M. de Villemessant's *Figaro*, the author makes one of his characters, about to go on a journey, say, "We will imitate the English and the Americans, practical people, who, in order to travel all the world over, reduce their baggage to the smallest possible compass, and thus avoid much trouble in railway-stations, in custom-houses, and in hotels." Evidently M. Xavier de Montepin is not well-informed with regard to the manners and habits of other countries, and can certainly never have seen the quantity of luggage and the huge "Saratoga" trunks without which it seems impossible for American womanhood to go the smallest distance. Another *feuilletonist* shows an equally happy understanding of our insular ways by making someone imitate the English custom of mixing much rum with his tea!

They have been having trouble with their cabs in Rome, because the Municipality have ranged themselves in opposition with the cabmen. The difficulty first arose from complaints that in wet weather no fiacres were sent to the railway station. In consequence of this the Municipality ordered every proprietor of fiacres to send one to the railway station for the first and last trains, under penalty of a fine. This did not much mend matters, however, for the proprietors neglected the order in spite of the fine, and the complaints were as numerous as ever. A carriage manufacturer then made an offer to the Municipality to send twenty-five special fiacres to the railway station for every train on consideration that they should have the preference in position over all the others. To this the Municipality acceded, much to the indignation of all the other cabmen, who are exceedingly angry that anyone else should be allowed to do the work they had always shirked or refused.

An amusing story comes from Milan. A young girl about to be married received from an acquaintance, as a wedding present, a little package, which, when she opened it, she found to contain bank notes for several hundred francs. Full of gratitude, she hastened to pay a visit to so generous a friend, and overpowered her with thanks. The friend, amazed at so much gratitude for a present which she knew to be only a little book, began to suspect something, and, going to the drawer from which she had taken the gift, found that she had made a great mistake, and had given to the young bride a large sum of money, which, from its being made up in a similar manner, she had mistaken for the package containing the little book. She hastened to explain, and the poor bride was obliged sadly to return the notes, and with them all the air-castles she had been doubtless building.

During his stay at Gastein the Emperor William was asked by his milkmaid, Liese, to write his name in an album she had bought for the purpose. He graciously complied, and is reported to have said:—"Now, Liese, mind you never let an Englishman get hold of this book. If you do, he will be sure to tear the first leaf with my autograph out of it." The truth of this tale may be contradicted *in toto*. The Emperor William may be very courageous and outspoken, but he never said that.

The Lady Superior of an English convent in Canada, who had recently arrived at her post, went the other day, with some of her nuns, to pay a formal visit to the Abbess of a French convent in the neighbourhood. They were very hospitably received, and pressed to partake of the refreshments spread out before them in the refectory, which, however, they so sparingly did, that the good Abbess was quite concerned. After they had gone she gave an account of the visitors, remarking that they were strangely melancholy, and could not at all get over the death of their donkey. "Yes," she said, "every time we asked them to eat or drink they always replied with a mournful shake of their heads: 'Notre âne est mort!' Those English are decidedly strange!" The good lady little imagined that what her friends said was: *Not any more!*

A good story has just cropped up about Tennyson, whose poetically Byronic appearance considerably contributed to the mistake which he was the victim of. He and a friend of his were staying in Paris, and one day he asked his companion who was going out to tell the porter at the lodge to keep the fire in. His friend's French, however, was of a mediocre quality as regards pronunciation, so that his orders to the porter assumed the form of *Ne laissez pas sortir le feu!* enunciated with much demonstrative gesticulation. When Tennyson, soon afterwards, wanted to go out, he found the door of his room guarded by two stalwart men who refused to let him pass. The wilder Tennyson grew, of course the more the men were convinced that he was a dangerous lunatic, and resisted all his attempts to escape till the unlucky friend came back and the error was explained.

Cardinal Garcia Gill, Archbishop of Saragosa, has been delegated by the Pope to convey the Apostolic Blessing to King Alfonso, on his impending marriage with Princess Mercedes. At the same time the Pope earnestly recommends the King not to depart from the spirit of Article 2 of the Concordat in the matter of the non-Catholic schools.

Joachim Miller's drama, *The Danites*, which is now being played in New York, is proving very successful. Whatever the merits and defects of Joachim Miller's various works, whether in prose or poetry, they always possessed more or less marked dramatic power. Such a poem as "The Tale of the Tall Alcalde" could scarcely have been written by an author who did not have the capacity for dramatic presentation to a very considerable degree, and this capacity was made more clearly evident in his brilliant, fantastic, often absurd but always interesting romance, 'My Life Among the Modocs.' That there is a good deal of the dramatic, or at least the theatrical, about Joachim Miller himself, his appearance here in London in a sort of backwoods costume, after having been for some time a resident in New York, in itself sufficiently showed. It would be curious, but by no means especially

surprising, if the first good American play came from the pen of the singer of the Sierras.

'Les Amours de Philippe,' Octave Feuillet's last novel, has just been translated into Italian, and forms the latest volume of the 'Biblioteca Romantica,' published by Sonzogno, at Milan. The number of novels now published in Italy is very considerable, and is increasing every day; their invariable yellow covers are to be seen everywhere, but unfortunately these novels are not the productions of Italian genius—they are almost all translations from the French. They are evidently much read, and pay their publishers, for another publisher in Milan has started a rival series of yellow-covered novels to the 'Biblioteca Romantica,' which, however, it follows in drawing almost all its material from French sources. In the list of these collections are to be found the names of Adolphe Belot, Alphonse Daudet, Emile Gaboriau, Hector Malot, Xavier de Montepin, Henri Murger, Victor Hugo, Henri de Kock, Emile Zola, Ponson du Terrail, Arsène Houssaye, and others, combined with a slight sprinkling of English authors, such as Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Miss Cummins, and a very small percentage of Italian writers. Practically, 'I Promessi Sposi' remains still the novel of modern Italian literature, nor do the Italians seem inclined to alter its position.

It is much to be regretted that the Indian wars are not fought on the Indian side solely by red men. Unfortunately many of the tribes number white men among their band; and wherever this is the case, it is almost always these white men who are the most determined opponents of civilisation, and the most daring and dangerous instigators of their red allies. Whenever attacks have been made on any of the western railways, they have generally been planned and led by some of these white outlaws, who are of course enabled to understand the various times for the arrival of trains, a feat rather beyond the capacity of a red man's brain.

The death of Crazy Horse, the Sioux chief, while attempting to escape from Omaha, reminds us of a rather touching incident in connexion with a previous escape of imprisoned Indians from Omaha some years back. The Indians had made good their escape, and every idea of recapture then seemed hopeless, when, to the surprise of everybody, one of the Indians came to the prison to ask for his blanket, which he had left behind, and seemed greatly surprised to find rude hands laid upon him to hale him back to confinement. He evidently regarded his escape as a successful move in a game, which, when once made, ought to be respected by all the players. If Crazy Horse had succeeded in escaping, and returned to his tribe imbued with any of the notions of the white man obtained during his captivity, he would scarcely have met with a cordial reception. Such Indian chiefs as have been to Washington, and have returned to their people with any increased respect or admiration for the white man, have always been looked upon with disfavour by their tribe as having been bought, and their position as leader is generally assumed by some more hostile chief, some darker, fiercer spirit, untouched by the fascination of his brother the President.

The *Paris Journal* quotes from an Anglo-Indian journal a curious advertisement, which would run somewhat thus in English:—"Yamen, the god of day, cast in pure copper and tastefully executed. Nirondi, the prince of demons; a great number to choose from; the giant upon whom he is mounted is boldly designed, and his sabre is fashioned in the latest style of art. Baronna, the god of the sun, is lively represented; his crocodile is of copper, with tail of silver. Bourberen, the god of riches; this god is of the finest workmanship. Little demi-gods and other inferior gods in the greatest abundance to select from. No credit is given, but discount is allowed for ready money." To see the last thing in deities thus announced seems a little odd, but, after all, the shop of a High Church decorator is scarcely less curious, and little bronze figures of St. Peter are a favourite object of traffic on the steps of St. Peter's at Rome.

A German adaptation of *Our Boys* has just appeared at the Belle Alliance Theatre, Berlin, under the title of *Our Worthy Parents*. It was very well received, and is expected to have a long run.

On the faith of the improvements which the Metropolitan Board of Works is to effect in the communication between Oxford Street and Charing Cross, property in the vicinity of the proposed new street has increased in value. In expectation of a permanent rise in the value of this property, purchasers care for nothing more in the way of immediate return than five and a-half per cent.

Mr. Butler, the author of 'Erewhon,' will, it is said, give, in his forthcoming work, a new theory of the origin and distinction of species.

An important change has taken place in the publishing world. Messrs. H. S. King and Co. have given up the publishing department of their extensive business, and are succeeded therein by Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Co. Mr. Paul is the author of the recently published 'Life of William Godwin.'

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